

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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LEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DORSHEIMER.

SPEAKER M'GUIRE.

ASSEMBLY-CLERK CALKINS.

GOVERNOR SAMUEL J. TILDEN OF NEW YORK TRANSACTING BUSINESS IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER AT ALBANY.—SEE PAGE 391.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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IS OUR REPUBLIC A FAILURE?

IN the midst of the carnage and horror of our civil war a foreign Ambassador, a man of eminence, residing in Washington, in an interview with one of our leading statesmen, expressed his conviction that our political system had lost those features which had hitherto distinguished it from European Governments, and that in the future it must fatally follow the same track as the states of the Old World. Everything, he argued, must be irrevocably changed. From a people free from debt we had become a people suddenly burdened with an enormous debt; from a people exempt from taxation we had become a people loaded with imposts; hence the creation of an army of office-holders, of new governmental establishments, corrupting and corrupt, a central power at the Capital overshadowing the whole country—in a word, the European system, with all its evils transplanted to our shores, and fixed on an immovable basis in America. Our Government might still remain republic in name, but it would, nevertheless, be essentially imperial or monarchical in character. Such were the predictions of a brilliantly educated and thoughtful foreigner, a friendly student of American institutions, but looking at them from the European standpoint.

Of course, every true American would indignantly repudiate the conclusions of the foreign critic, while admitting the facts which constituted his premises, and acknowledging that many of the evils he foresaw have come to pass. There have been created great central bureaus; there have ensued corruptions on a scale of enormous magnitude; there has been manifested a determined purpose on the part of the Administration to establish on the ruins of State rights a central power, with all the characteristics of imperialism and autocracy, if without the name. Caesar would be Caesar still, if he wore broadcloth instead of purple, and if his Prætorian guard were a cordon of staff-officers instead of a detail of mailed legionaries. But between the designs of a corrupt Administration and their realization stands a power which is called the American people—incorruptible, fearless and resolute. This power is one which may yield, but only for a time, to cajoleries and soporifics, adroitly administered, but which makes its full force felt when occasion demands the demonstration of its will.

That the American people, when they see the necessity of action, are no blind partisans, was demonstrated in the elections of last Fall; for it was a victory much greater and nobler than a partisan triumph which they achieved, an omen of success upon a yet wider field to come.

In ordinary times, a party as a party, by reason of its drill and esprit de corps, may carry measures which the majority of the people disapprove, but when a great crisis, involving vital principles, arises, then party trammels are burst asunder, men follow the dictates of conscience, reason and patriotism, and the result is a bloodless and decisive political revolution. So long as the press is free, so long as the right of holding popular meetings is unchallenged, a radical change in our political system is impossible. That the undeniable corruption and abuse of power inaugurated by the present Administration will be speedily overthrown we can confidently predict from historical precedent in America. When the American people have appeared most quiescent and indifferent to politics, they have suddenly arisen and enforced their will. Such an uprising was witnessed in the late elections. Nor will this "tidal wave" be found to have subsided when the great Presidential contest arrives. State victories occurring in the middle of a Presidential term have often proved deceptive when tested by a general election, but this was because they have been partisan victories. The late elections for members of Congress were not carried on a partisan basis. The battle was waged on principle, and the honors of the victory were shared by Liberal Republicans and Democrats, men voting from patriotic motives and convictions.

It was quite possible for the Republican Party proper to have retrieved their losses, had they but grasped the golden opportunity. In the matter of political creed, it has been

said that "what are called the two parties might exchange their platforms and not know that they had done so." All the Republicans had to do, therefore, was to make their practice conform to their theory, and retrace their steps from the "ragged edge of despair." But they have been too blind to read the handwriting on the wall; too dull of ear to distinguish the thunder of the tidal wave from the trickling of the rivelet.

With a hardened indifference to the popular voice, in evidence of his contempt for the popular will, Mr. Grant has prompted or defended an outrage on popular rights comparable only to the action of Bonaparte on the 18th Brumaire. He has virtually asserted what Louis XIV. boldly enunciated: "I am the State!" Now let him and his partisans change their course, reverse the engine and take the back track, the people will reply as they did to Louis Philippe's tardy concessions in 1848—"It is too late."

No! the American Republic is no failure—it is, and will continue, a republic *de facto* as well in name, unlike the present nominal Republic of France, because it possesses, unlike our foreign sister, the indestructible elements of perpetuity. So long as in France even Republicans uphold laws which emasculate the press and dare not wholly free education, the future government of a brilliant people, unquestionably republican at heart, is problematical. But with free schools, free meetings, a free press—above all, an independent press—there is no fear for the future of our own glorious republic. Assailed it may be by traitors from within, but they will be hurled by the honest garrison from the battlements, to "fall like Lucifer, never to rise again."

OUR PRESIDENTIAL JEHU.

AT the Capitol in Washington many Congressmen must have already guessed the right answer to Sam Ward's sum of the fifty-two historical pigs. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue more is heard about horses than about pigs. Let the prospective "man on horseback"—before his high vaulting ambition o'erleap itself—cipher out another little sum. It is set down in a quotation from Goethe's "Faust," in "one of those passages, written by a man of genius, of which I suspect," says a clever English commentator, "the man of genius himself did not perceive the full depth of meaning, and the extent of all its consequences." Mephistopheles is tempting Faust. Faust had been saying that it was in vain he tried to realize his lofty aspirations—that he must end at last—

"Feeling within myself no added powers,
Not by one hair's breadth higher than before."

Then Mephistopheles replies:

"You view the thing, good sir, as men view things:
This must be made more clear, or we shall lose
Life's pleasures—what the vengeance—hands and feet,
And head and heart are thine, confessedly.
But are the things which I command, enjoy,
And use at will, the less to be called mine?
When I behold six horses at my service,
Is not their strength and speed and vigor mine?
I move as rapidly, and feel, in truth,
As if their four-and-twenty limbs were mine."

Here comes the comment on the text. In this remarkable passage there is to be found the great delusion which besets men in despotic power, and those who regard them. It is very well for Mephistopheles to say that we possess that which we use; but if we do not know how to use it, we do not, in the highest sense, possess it. It is true that the despot does drive those six horses; but the question is, whether his nature is of that power that it should drive those six horses; whether it possesses the insight that might instruct him where to drive those horses to, or whether he is merely slashing and hurrying about, making a great noise and dust, and doing less or worse than nothing. The crowd looks on; and it is charmed with all the noise, the prancing, and the curvetting. Even the sober and retired bystander is much imposed upon by all this pomp and seeming power. But mostly it comes to naught, and the delusion is broken up amidst the execrations of mankind, who find out at last that what a man pays for and drives, he may not be able in any right way to govern or direct.

Not so very long ago, it was still a crack team—the Republican Party. It bowled along at a prodigious rate on a smooth and ascending and apparently interminable career of prosperity. How proudly wheel-horse and leaders and all held up their heads, each one with furious eyes and flaming nostrils and neck clothed with thunder, "rejoicing in his strength," like Job's pawing war-horse or the trampling courser of Shakespeare's Adonis. They seemed to be galloping up-hill, like the horses of an old-fashioned diligence in France. Heights on heights of power and glory shone temptingly above them, and it was fondly dreamed that they might soon reach the dizzy pinnacle of empire. Was it not a future Caesar who was driving? But after all said and written about Caesarism, it turned out that they went so fast only because they were going down-hill. No doubt some of the sleekest of those nags were "paid for"—and dearly bought they were, as has been aggravatingly shown by Crédit Mobilier revelations, Louisiana investigations, the unfolding Pacific Mail Subsidy secrets, awful disclosures of the Memphis and El Paso eleven million corruption fund, and a long, black list of similar

scandals, big and little stumbling-blocks over which the self-styled "great party of moral ideas" is jolted, like an old, dilapidated wagon over a corduroy road in the backwoods. Not all, however, had been bought and sold; there were Liberal Republicans who would no longer submit to be "driven." These became restive; they at length broke away from party traces, leaving the rest to plunge blindly onwards, to stumble and fall into the quagmire where the still dominant faction of the party is now hopelessly floundering. It is not at all likely that the Presidential Jehu who has upset the coach will heed the somewhat cool invitation of the *Herald* to dismount from his box and resign in favor of Vice-President Wilson. But President Grant must abandon every hope of holding the reins of government after the expiration of his present term.

CLIPPING HORSES.

THE arrest of the coachman of a prominent publisher of this city, for driving and keeping standing without blankets a pair of clipped horses, is the first public step Mr. Bergh has taken towards the protection of his favorite animal against what he regards as a fashionable form of cruelty to brutes. Commodore Vanderbilt, whose horse-knowledge and devotion to the horse are as well-known as his railway enterprise not many days before had expressed himself very strongly against horse-clipping, and declared his surprise that Mr. Bergh had not before given that sort of cruelty his attention. He had not long to wait. The keen eyes of the friend of the brutes detected the coachman in front of Stewart's with a span of clipped horses unblanketed, and without regard to the resulting inconvenience to those whom the driver had there let down, Mr. Bergh tackled the liveried Jehu forthwith, in his own peculiarly vigorous way, and after a good deal of a rumpus, had him off his box and before a magistrate, by whom he and his master were subsequently bailed, pending a trial that will be looked forward to with great interest by all owners of fine horses. The facts, even as we have stated them, are of course in dispute, the owner of the horses heartily defending his coachman. But whatever may have been the circumstances of the arrest, it is assuredly clear that the question of the propriety of clipping horses in a climate so rigorous as ours should in some way be brought up for settlement. Commodore Vanderbilt is not alone in his opposition to the practice; nor can it be denied that clipping, on the contrary, has its apologists and advocates among horse-fanciers.

The practice of horse-clipping in winter was introduced into this country from England. Only within the last ten or fifteen years has it begun to grow general here, and only within the last five years have we grown accustomed to see the horses in nearly every fine turnout on the Park with that peculiar tone of color and fineness of coat which indicate the work of the horse-barber. The sporting papers are full of advertisements of patent horse-clippers, and professional people who use the implements. In England the practice is perhaps forty years old, and its defense was its improvement of the quality and condition of racers and hunters. Whoever cares to go into the subject thoroughly will find the arguments for and against cleverly presented in Sir Francis Head's well-known "Horse and his Rider." It has been proved by experience, satisfactory to horsemen generally, that clipping, while it makes the blooded horse more delicate, yet rather improves his condition otherwise, and better adapts him for his peculiar functions. The close-cropped coat admits of easy and satisfactory currying, which is an advantage of decided importance. The clipping, by aiding the cleaning, is held to promote the health of the horse. But a clipped horse should always be carefully blanketed and sedulously protected against the cold. He should be as carefully guarded against exposure as the most delicately reared infant, and whether in his stall or out in the open air, the blanket be always as close at hand to protect his shivering sides as the opera-cloak of a lady the bare shoulders of her ball-dress.

It will be readily seen, therefore, that the practice of clipping carriage-horses is one that can only be followed with great prudence; yet there are many veterinary surgeons who defend it very strenuously. There can be no doubt, however, that it is unnecessary and scarcely defensible in the case of carriage-horses. They are not intended to be driven at a high rate of speed, they are liable to frequent and long waiting before shop-doors and private houses, and the extra refined delicacy so desirable in a racer is a disadvantage rather than a gain in horses from which steadiness and evenness of gait and endurance of the weather are rather the qualities demanded. The improvement of looks, to conventional taste, certainly would not justify clipping; and that clipping, in removing the natural protection of the animal against the severity of the weather, subjects him to the chance of suffering, especially through the carelessness of servants, is a fact no one can deny. There is full justification for Commodore Vanderbilt's protest in the case of the ordinary carriage-horse. In no event, in winter weather, should he, if clipped, be allowed to stand without blanketing. The driving of such horses can be entrusted only to the most care-

ful of coachmen. Every one who loves a horse, and knows something about him, and therefore watches the fine animals in the streets, must have often been pained to see the carelessness with which the sensitive, quivering hides of splendid horses, clipped to the very skin, have been this winter exposed to the unusually bleak weather. The lady, at her shopping, or engaged in her call, is not always sure that her coachman has followed the injunction to keep his horse moving; he may just as likely be chaffing with some other negligent driver, or making love to the chambermaid over the area railing, or, perchance, taking "something hot" in the neighboring groggery.

This case, which Mr. Bergh seems to have brought before the Court as a test one, will therefore have a good effect if it calls the attention of horse-owners to the dangers as well as the advantages of the practice of clipping, and Mr. Bergh, even if the method of his arrest of the particular coachman was exasperating to the owner of the horses, has added a new claim to the regard of the public, in awakening them to the ills of a growing fashionable practice.

RAPID TRANSIT.

THE question of rapid transit in New York City is again rife in the public mind in consequence of donations of several thousand dollars having been offered by business men and private individuals. Mr. A. A. Drake, the originator of this donation-movement, has a long letter in the New York Times of February 3d, in which he says: "In the suburbs of London the mechanic and workman has his comfortable cottage of four or five rooms, the rent for which seldom exceeds £50 or £60 a year." This statement is fallacious, for we can assure Mr. Drake and his co-subscribers, that instead of the London mechanic paying £50 or £60 a year for his four or five-roomed house, five or six shillings per week, or £12 to £15 per year, is far nearer the mark. These latter figures are "considered a good investment for English capital." If the statement of Mr. Drake were correct, £50 or £60 a year rent for a four or five-roomed house would be an unheard-of investment, because such houses can be bought for £250 or £300 on a ninety-nine years' lease, and then leave a fair profit to the builder. Hundreds of streets, lined on either side with these cottages—all uniformly built—abound in the suburbs of London, and their occupants contribute largely to the daily food which feeds, with their penny or two-pence per day, the coffers of the Metropolitan Railway. Mr. Drake must not make all his investments upon such erroneous calculations, or he will meet with a "rapid transit" which he does not desire. Gentlemen who have been "caught" on real estate in the outlying districts of New York must accept the situation as philosophically as if they had been "caught" in Wall Street, and not expect that private investments of a few thousands of dollars—which appear very magnanimous—will enable them to realize a fictitious value for real estate. Whenever the time comes for the suburbs of New York to be tenanted by mechanics, store-keepers and merchants at rents varying from \$100 to \$500 per year, then, and not till then, will a rapid transit railroad pay its projectors. It is the well-to-do business man of London, as a rule, that pays a house-rent of £50 or £60 a year in the suburbs of that city, and not the mechanic. It must be conceded that the "commercial prosperity of New York" depends more upon cheap rents and quick locomotion than perhaps upon anything else. The suggestors of Mr. Drake have not only revived popular interest in rapid transit, but have also tended to quicken legislative action. On Saturday last the problem was earnestly discussed at a meeting of the Committee of the Assembly and the Committee of the Aldermen. The meeting was adjourned till to-day, when some progress may be made towards a practical solution of this important question.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

Monday.....113½ @ 113½	Thursday.....114½ @ 114½
Tuesday.....113½ @ 114	Friday.....114 @ 114½
Wednesday.....114½ @ 115	Saturday.....114½ @ 114½

WEEKLY WEATHER CHRONICLE.

GENERAL SUMMARY FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

A STORM-CENTRE developed in the Northwest on Saturday of the past week, and moved eastward over the Lake Region, Middle States, New England, and Nova Scotia during Sunday and Monday. A second, of small extent, attended by high winds and gales, appeared in Northern Minnesota on Sunday afternoon, passing eastward and to the north of Lake Superior on Monday. A third storm, which was unusual severe, advanced from Kansas northward to the Upper Lake Region, and thence eastward over the St. Lawrence Valley and Northern New England to the Gulf of St. Lawrence during Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and was closely followed by an area of high barometer and very cold weather.

The amount of rain (or rain and melted snow) for the past week, averages about as follows in the various districts: St. Lawrence Valley, 0.25 inch; New England, 0.7; Middle Atlantic States, 0.45; South Atlantic States, 1.1; Eastern Gulf States, 1.5; Western Gulf States, 0.45; Lower Lake region, 0.2; Upper Lake region, 0.25; Ohio Valley, 0.35; Tennessee, 0.75; Upper Mississippi Valley, 0.5; Missouri Valley, 0.1; Minnesota, 0.2.

During the past week the Red River has fallen fourteen inches at Shreveport. The Missouri remains frozen. The Cumberland is now falling at Nashville. The Mississippi has fallen ten inches at Davenport, eleven at St. Louis and nine at New Orleans, but has risen thirteen feet at Cairo, fourteen at Memphis and seven at Vicksburg. The Ohio has risen two feet at Pittsburgh and Louisville and six and a half at Cincinnati.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT opened on February 5th.

THE BOY KING, Alfonso of Spain, received his "baptism of fire" in a skirmish at Oteiza last week.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on February 5th the school clause of the Civil Rights Bill was stricken out, and the preamble of the Democratic platform of 1872 was prefixed to the bill. It then passed.

THE DINNER of the Dartmouth Alumni Association in New York came off last week at Delmonico's, Richard B. Kimball presiding. There was a brilliant gathering of some of Dartmouth's choicest sons. Mr. Kimball was re-elected President for the ensuing year.

PRINCE PHILIP OF SAXONY was married at Brussels, Belgium, February 4, to Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians. The Prince of Wales, the Duc d'Aumale, the Count de Paris, and many other persons of rank and distinction, were present at the wedding ceremony, which was performed by the Archbishop of Malines.

THE REV. R. W. B. ELLIOTT, of the Episcopal Diocese of Western Texas, is the youngest American Bishop, being but thirty-four years of age. He was born in Beaufort, S. C., graduated from Columbia College in that State, was a Major in the Confederate Army during the war, and at one time assistant minister at the Church of the Incarnation, New York City.

GENERAL F. M. CROCKELL, who succeeds Carl Schurz as United States Senator from Missouri, is comparatively unknown in political circles. His most public record is based upon his military services. He entered the Confederate Army at the beginning of the war, and remained in active command to the close. He was born in 1834, and is a lawyer by profession.

SENATOR CAMERON of Pennsylvania is the oldest sitting member of the United States Senate. His first election was in 1845, and his present term will expire in March, 1879. The next oldest is ex-Vice President Hamlin, of Maine, who was recently re-elected. He entered the Senate in 1848 to fill a vacancy. Neither of these veterans, however, have done continuous service in that capacity.

PRESIDENT GRANT and his ill-advised advisers were purlind not to foresee that their favorite third-term absurdity is sure to be rejected. The discussion of the silly, yet dangerous, question must result in deepening the conviction of all thoughtful Americans that we should be very careful, both nationally and individually, not to foster the small beginnings of despotism, but to set our face against it from the first, and to maintain that discountenance. Now, emphatically, our motto should be, *obsta principiis*.

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT WAR GOVERNORS has passed away by death. As the chief executive of Connecticut from 1855 until 1866, Mr. Buckingham gave the strongest exhibition of devotion to his country, and of personal wisdom and integrity. He was not only the first authority in the State, but he was one of the first business men. Combining rare executive tact with an immovable determination, the emergency of the war found him fully prepared for the discharge of a perplexing public duty. His subsequent actions as United States Senator displayed the ripeness of liberal culture, fixed principles and personal worth.

THE INTELLIGENCE that the Ultramontane Party in Berlin have resolved to make the Bishop of Paderborn a candidate for Parliament proves that Bismarck has by no means clear sailing at home. The Bishop was warned, then fined, and finally imprisoned, because his conscience would not permit him to do the bidding of the Chancellor. These actions aroused a feeling of intense hostility to the authorities, which was shared by the nobility, and when half a dozen ladies of exalted rank sent the restrained Bishop a letter of condolence, they, too, were heavily fined. The action of the Ultramontanes, therefore, smacks a little of revenge.

THE EX-QUEEN OF SPAIN, Mar's Louisa Isabella de Bourbon, mother of Alfonso XII., was considered a very eligible match when a girl, and had no less than seven determined suitors. In selecting her husband her choice was confined to four noblemen—her cousin Francis d'Assisi; the Count Trapani; son of the King of Naples; Count Montemolin, son of Don Carlos, who in 1839 was exiled into France; and Prince Leopold of Coburg. Montemolin was supported by Russia, and several Northern courts, while Leopold was urged by England. Disregarding any political significance that might be attached to her action, Isabella assumed an independent position, and married her cousin. In order to conciliate certain factions, she induced her sister to marry the Duke de Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe, then King of France.

THE APPEARANCE OF GENERAL TRACY as one of the counsel for Mr. Beecher causes much comment on the part of the country press. It appears in the testimony that he gave to Mr. Tilton his word of honor as a man and a lawyer that, in the event of a breach between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton, he would not appear as counsel against Mr. Tilton. Upon this understanding he was admitted to a conference where he heard many of the details of the case. Mr. Tilton testified that General Tracy prompted Mrs. Tilton when preparing her statement for the Church Council, and that he had intimated that lying was justifiable in this instance. But it is due to the General to say that when the case was thrown into Court he took counsel with several of the most eminent members of the bar upon the propriety of accepting the position, and that his own feelings of delicacy were laid aside when he was assured he need have no conscientious scruples about becoming one of Mr. Beecher's advisers.

* **MR. STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS** has been charged with having initiated the brethren and sisters of Plymouth Church into the mysteries of Free Love, years ago. However this may be, he cannot have succeeded in teaching them French, although he is

the author of one of the best grammars of the French language ever published in this country. For in the refrain to Mr. Tilton's song which was read in Court by Mr. Everts on Wednesday last—*Aimer, aimer, c'est à vivre*—there are no less than three mistakes. There is a superfluous *à*, the sound of the *r* is suppressed, and also that of the final unaccented *e*, which should always be sounded in reciting verse. Mr. Everts was long enough at Geneva—where the natives boast of speaking French more correctly than Parisians themselves—to have detected these flagrant errors. For the rest, the introduction of the orange-flowers makes the pretty nonsense of Mr. Tilton's song orthodox enough.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETIREMENT from the leadership of the Liberal Party provoked as much political excitement in London as the usual Cabinet crises have. Generally, the party disputes have been confined to the Disestablishment and Home Rule questions. But in the selection of a new leader the real question was expediency and that covers a vast field. The Independent Liberals decided upon Mr. Forster as their candidate, and he was honored with a large following. When, however, his platform was announced, and the education of the party and the masses likely to be in accord with it was recognized as the leading plank, the aristocracy by birth rebelled, and claimed that such an idea was entirely too advanced. It would seem to many that the universal establishment of schoolboards, the assimilation of county and borough franchise, and a reform of land tenure were questions of such importance that a consideration of them could never be "too advanced" for the interests of the country. Mr. Forster stood squarely upon this platform, and although defeated by the Marquis of Hartington, the representative of the aristocracy by intellect suffered naught in the estimation of those who can regard the situation from a dispassionate point of view.

P. B. S. PINCHBACK is making a determined fight for a seat in the United States Senate. Some weeks ago it appeared as if his extreme anxiety was of a twofold character. He wanted the place, and he likewise wanted the mileage and salary which would have been his due if admitted when he first claimed membership. He said if these were granted he would resign the seat with the utmost promptness, since the concessions would form a perfect "vindication." But since he received the new credentials his song has been of a far different tune; and it is more than probable that if admitted he will follow Sumner's advice to Stanton, and "stick." His most particular biographer says he was born in Georgia, educated in Ohio, and enfranchised in Louisiana. His complexion is of a light yellow shade, his manners are gentlemanly, his attire is fashionable, and his decided passion is cockfighting. He it was who threatened to apply the torch to New Orleans if the whites continued their persecution of his race. In the fight between Governor Warmoth and the late Lieutenant-Governor Dunn, Mr. Pinchback took the side of the former, and when the whirligig of politics developed many antagonistic elements, he suddenly became Lieutenant-Governor of the State. He is said to be a sharp debater, and to possess an intimacy with all the tricks of modern representation.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the American Institute was held on Thursday evening last, and a very large number of members were present, a great majority of whom were called out on account of an underhand attempt to amend the charter, made by a ring of salaried and other office-holders. Orestes Cleveland presided. A motion to add over one hundred members to the Institute was laid on the table, notwithstanding over fifty of these candidates, introduced at the last moment by the ring, were present and tried to vote for themselves. The financial report was read by the Corresponding Secretary, Samuel D. Tillman, a brother-in-law of Mr. Cleveland. Exceptions were taken to the financial statements by Dr. John B. Rich, and the report was unanimously referred for examination to a special committee, composed of Thomas M. Adriance, Nathaniel Wheeler, C. H. Delemater, Cyrus M. Luntz and Edward Schell. The committee was ordered to report at an adjourned meeting to be held on the 18th, one week after the annual election. As soon as the regular meeting adjourned, a second one was organized under General Cochrane, and the following ticket was nominated: For President, Elliott C. Cowdin; first Vice-President, Cyrus M. Luntz; second, Thomas Rutter; third, Louis M. Rutherford; Treasurer, Ed. ward Schell; Corresponding Secretary, R. H. Thurston; Recording Secretary, J. Storor Cobb; Directors, Thomas M. Adriance, Moses S. Beach, Robert S. Newton, H. P. De Graaf and Robert Weir; Board of Managers, Dr. James Knight, H. J. Newton, James H. Sackett, Charles E. Burd, S. R. Wells, W. S. Carpenter, J. Owen Rowe, Aaron J. Westervelt, J. D. Fisk, Peter M. Wilson, Henry C. Watson, Lewis Mealis, Gilbert E. Jones and A. S. Pratt. This ticket was declared to be the regular nominations of the Institute.

THE PRISON ASSOCIATION of New York has issued its thirtieth annual report, and makes therein a capital exhibit of benevolence. The total number of penitentiary prisoners at the beginning of the year 1874 was 2,856; the number admitted during the year was 10,960; the number discharged (including the deaths and 70 pardons) was 10,586. Of this number 1,822, or 16.63 per cent. of the total number, were under twenty years of age, and 6,019, or 54.91 per cent., were under thirty years of age. The habit of intemperance or drunkenness was confessed by 75 per cent. of all who were admitted to five of the penitentiaries. Only 34.16 of the total number of prisoners were married persons. On the last day of December, 1874, there were remaining in the State Prisons 3,364 persons, of whom 143 were women. It is very sensibly remarked that the most glaring and inexcusable defect of the system of prison discipline in the State of New York consists in the utter failure to apply the resources of labor and instruction as means of correctional treatment. In prison, as well as in free life, self-supporting labor is

the basis of self-respect and of honest and virtuous purposes in daily life, and in no prison will there ever be wholesome and sufficient discipline unless such labor is provided for and strictly required. If labor were not pecuniarily profitable, and the necessary and only means of self-support, which it actually is, it ought, nevertheless, to be thoroughly enforced for its disciplinary and educational results upon the criminal classes. A greater evil can befall the convicts in prison than to remain shut up in idleness. An idle prison is always an unhealthy, disorderly, riotous and demoralized one, and from such imprisonment in indolence the liberated convict emerges to free life unfitted for any useful vocation, and with scarcely a manly or womanly attribute remaining.

HENRY WARD BEECHER,
ACCORDING TO THEODORE TILTON.

IN detailing his first hostile meeting with Mr. Beecher, on the evening of December 31st, 1870, at Moulton's house, Mr. Tilton said:

"Mr. Moulton brought Mr. Beecher to the door, bowed to me, and said, 'I have brought Mr. Beecher at your request.' Mr. Moulton then retired, closing the door behind him. I did not salute Mr. Beecher, nor he me. He crossed the room and took an easy-chair by the window. I crossed the room in the other direction, went to the door, locked it, took out the key and put it in my pocket. I then recrossed the room, and sat in a chair opposite to Mr. Beecher. The conversation that took place I cannot undertake to repeat accurately.

"I told him that Mr. Bowen had said that he (Bowen) had had a reconciliation with Mr. Beecher, and that Mr. Beecher had begged his pardon and had bent himself on the floor and wept, and Mr. Bowen had freely granted him forgiveness for the crimes which he had committed. That he furthermore had said that he (Bowen) had it in his power at any time to drive Mr. Beecher out of Brooklyn within twelve hours. I then told Mr. Beecher that after I had had this interview with Mr. Bowen I had narrated the substance of it to my wife; that my wife was ill, and that this intelligence filled her with profound distress. She said to me, 'If Mr. Bowen makes a war upon Mr. Beecher, and if you' (that is, myself) 'join in it, and if Mr. Beecher retires from his pulpit, as he must under such an attack, everybody will, sooner or later, know the reason why, and that,' said she to me, 'will be to my shame and to the children's shame, and I cannot endure it.'

"Mr. Beecher then asked me what I meant by speaking in that way of Elizabeth and her shame; so I then read to him the copy of Mrs. Tilton's confession—a copy which I had made in the early part of the evening, the original of which was in Mr. Moulton's possession. The original was destroyed two years later by Mrs. Tilton in my presence.

"I told Mr. Beecher that in the early part of July, previous to that interview, Mrs. Tilton had come home unexpectedly from the country, and had said to me that the object of her return was to communicate to me a secret, which had long been resting on her mind like a burden, which she wished to throw off; that she had had, on several previous occasions, come almost to the point of making such a statement to me, and once in particular while on a sick-bed, but that she had never until then, having been restored to health, been brought quite to the point of courage to make the disclosure; that before she would announce to me what the secret was, she exacted from me a pledge that I would do no harm to the person concerning whom the secret was to be told, and furthermore, that I would not communicate to that person the fact that she had made such a revelation to me, because, as she said, she wished to inform him of that revelation herself; that I had given to her this pledge, my word of honor, that I would neither disclose her secret, whatever it might be, nor would I injure the person concerning whom the secret was to be told; that she then said to me that it was a secret between herself and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, her pastor; that, as I was well aware, there had been, during a long course of years, a friendship between herself and her pastor; that this friendship, contrary to my expectation or belief, had been in later years more than friendship, it had been love; that it had been more than love, it had been sexual intimacy; that this sexual intimacy had been begun shortly after the death of her son Paul; that she had been in a tender frame of mind, consequent upon that bereavement; that she had received much consolation during that shadow on our house, from her pastor; that she had made a visit to his house while she was still suffering from that sorrow, and that there, on the 10th of October, 1868, she had surrendered her body to him in sexual embrace; that she had repeated such an act on the following Saturday evening at her own residence, 174 Livingston Street; that she had, consequent upon those two occasions, repeated such acts at various times, at his residence and at hers, and at other places—such acts of sexual intercourse continuing from the Fall of 1868 to the Spring of 1870; that in July, 1870, she had made to me a confession in detail of those acts; that she had given to me also, during that recital, many of the reasonings by her pastor, communicated to her to change what were her original scruples against such a sexual intimacy.

"At the close of the narrative, Mr. Beecher sat in his chair, and I thought he was about to speak; I waited a moment; his face and his head and his neck were blood-red, and I feared for the moment that there would be some accident to him. He burst out with these words: 'Theodore, I am in a dream; this is Dante's Inferno.' I had meanwhile gone to the door, unlocked it, but partly opened it, and said to him: 'You are free to retire.' He did not seem to hear what I said; and I again pointed to the door and said that he might go. He rose and walked towards the door, as if he was going out without saying to me a word; then he suddenly turned, and looking me in the face he said: 'May I go once again, and for the last time, to see Elizabeth?' I instantly answered no, and then yes. 'But in going to see Elizabeth, see to it, sir, that you do not chide her for the confession she has made. She is at home—sick, heartbroken. I charge you that you visit upon her no reproach for confessing to her husband; for if you smite her with a word,' I said, 'I will smite you in a tenfold degree. I have hitherto spared your life when I had power to destroy it; I spare it now for Elizabeth's sake; but if you reproach her I will smite your name before all the world.' As he turned to go away, I said to him—I don't think I can recall the exact words, but the substance was this, that I can remember, 'That his duty was henceforth so to conduct his battle with Bowen that Elizabeth and her name and fame should not be involved.' He stood a moment on the threshold, and putting both his hands, in this way, up to his head—the redness in his face increasing all the while—he said: 'This

is all a wild whirl,' and he left me and went down the stairs.

"Mr. Beecher went down the stairs with his hand on the rail, staggering, and I thought he was about to fall; coming toward the foot of the stairs, Mr. Moulton there stood, and I heard Mr. Beecher say to Mr. Moulton: 'Have you seen Elizabeth's confession?' Mr. Moulton bowed and said, 'Yes, I have.' Mr. Beecher then said: 'This will kill me.'

"Mr. Tilton said that at an accidental meeting with Beecher at Moulton's house, on or about the 3d of January, 1871, Beecher said to him: 'I have this request to make—that if it be necessary for you to make a public recital of this case, that you will give me notice in advance of your intention to do so, in order that I may either go out of the world by suicide, or else escape from the face of my friends by a voyage to some foreign land. And, furthermore,' he said, 'I ask you to do me this favor—that whoever else in the wide world is to be informed of the facts in this case, at least my wife shall never know anything on the subject, for she is not only your enemy but may very readily become mine.'

"He then said, 'I do not put in any plea for myself, but only for Elizabeth. She was not to blame, I was altogether at fault. My sacred office and my years should have combined to have made me her guardian, not her tempter.'

"Then he said, 'Indeed, if you wish to carry out the demand which was communicated to me in your letter of Christmas Day, that I should retire from my pulpit, you have only to say the word and I will retire.' A moment afterwards he asked 'Tell me, before you go away, can you possibly ever re-instate Elizabeth in your respect and love?' He then buried his face in his hands; he sat on the edge or near the foot of Mr. Moulton's bed, and he used some figure of speech; I won't undertake to quote the exact words, but the picture was like this: he drew the figure of a man sitting on a brink, and said that he was dizzy, and was like one on the edge of hell."

Mr. Tilton gave the following account of a meeting with Mr. Beecher during Mr. Moulton's illness:

"I went to the house one day, and the servant told me that Mr. Beecher was up-stairs. I did not go up; I remained in the parlor. Pretty soon Mr. Beecher came down-stairs, and, noticing through the door that I was in the parlor, came in and said, with great agitation of manner: 'Frank is very sick; he is at the very grave's edge. I am afraid he will die, and if he dies, Theodore, what will then become of your case and mine?' He stood a moment, and when I made no reply, he said to me, with tears in his eyes: 'Theodore, Frank has saved my life, and I would willingly, to-day, give my life to save Frank's; and he stepped quickly forward towards me, and put both hands against my face in this manner (illustrating), and kissed me on the forehead, and suddenly retired from the room, and from the house.'

Mr. Tilton gave the following account of the interview with Mr. Beecher in February, 1871:

"I had told Mr. Moulton that I wanted to see Mr. Beecher at my house. Mr. Beecher came in the morning, while I was at breakfast. I rose from the table, met him in the parlor, and told him to go upstairs into my study. He immediately went up, and I followed him. I closed the door behind me, and after he took his seat I said to him: 'I have called you hither, sir, in order that you may remove, if you can, a shadow from the future life of the little boy, Ralph. His mother has assigned to me a date at which your criminal intimacy with her began. This little boy was born a few months after that. If the date which his mother has given is correct, it will save a dishonor attaching to his name. I want you to tell me, as before God, whether or not that date is right. I want, if possible, to shield him, but I want more than that to know the truth. Tell me the truth.' And he told me, on his word of honor, as before God, that the date which Mrs. Tilton had assigned was the correct date. At that moment Mrs. Tilton herself, who had followed me up-stairs, came into the room, and when I stated to her the point of conversation, she burst into tears, and asseverated, as she had once or twice done before, that the date which she had given was correct.

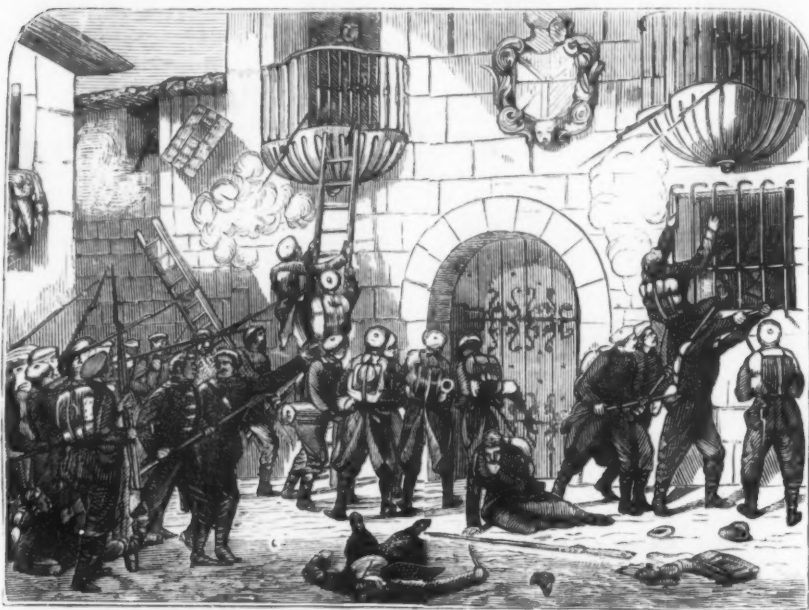
Mr. Tilton, alluding to a conversation he had with Mr. Beecher in the cars, when going to Boston, said:

"He said that he had been thinking of my interview that he had with me at Mr. Moulton's, and that he was a good deal distressed the more he thought of it that I could not write a letter asking for my retirement from that church. He said, 'I think trouble will grow out of it; I cannot give to my people the reason for your absence, and you are a public man, and they will inquire into you, and you have enemies in the church and I cannot suppress them.' Said he, 'I foresee trouble.' I told him that I did not see how trouble could arise if he himself met it firmly. I told him I thought he was allowing one danger to grow up that he might suppress, and I mentioned to him that his newspaper, the *Christian Union*, had shown certain signs of unfriendliness to me. I said, 'I don't care for the criticisms of your paper, but I don't think it will conduce to the public regard of our harmony to have your paper criticise me.' 'Well,' said he, 'Theodore, the people in my office are rather inimical to you, and I wish I might get some one here to whom I might intrust our secret, so that that paper might assume a more friendly face to the public,' a suggestion which he afterwards carried out."

In relation to a proposition he made to Mr. Beecher in regard to Mr. Beecher resigning from Plymouth Church, Mr. Tilton said:

"I told Mr. Beecher on that occasion that I had a suggestion to make to him, which perhaps would not come with a good grace from me; nevertheless I did it in the interest of Elizabeth and future peace. I said to him, 'You have terminated or are to terminate with great honor the twenty-fifth year of your ministry. It is a good time for you to resign. You can hope for nothing better in this world in the way of honor in your pulpit than you have achieved. You are writing the life of Christ, the second volume is not completed, and you will have a good excuse to go to the Holy Land. It can be known to all the world that you have gone to see with your own eyes the footprints of the Master whose life you are now writing, and if you now resign it will be a fitting time to do so, and such a resignation, which heretofore would have been accompanied with suspicion and danger, would be now, in my judgment, the surest way to provide peace for the future.' I said, 'I do not ask you to do it, but I am in constant apprehension that something will arise where there are so many curious eyes prying into our secret, and so many gossiping tongues talking of our affairs—I fear.' I said, 'That something will arise to make it dangerous for you to continue longer in your pulpit, and you will never have such an opportunity to resign amid the world's good opinion as now. I ask you to think of it.' That was the substance of what I said. He said he thought the suggestion was a good one, and he would think of it."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 39



SPAIN.—CARLIST ATTACK UPON A HOUSE DEFENDED BY REPUBLICANS, AT URNIETA.



SPAIN.—THE NEW BULL-RING NEAR MADRID.



GERMANY.—PRINCE BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY.



JAPAN.—AN EXECUTION AT YOKOHAMA.



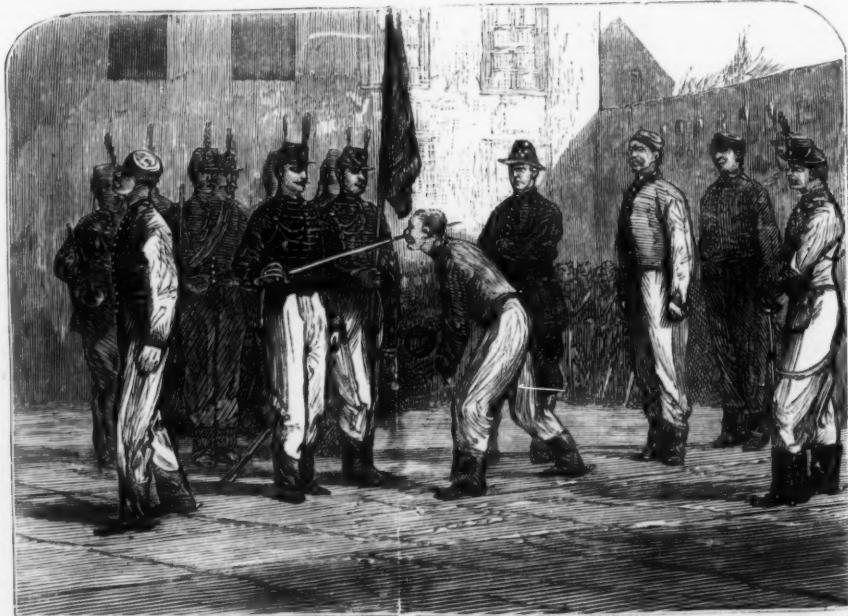
THE LATE LEDRU-ROLLIN.



PRINCESS FRIEDERIKA OF HANOVER.



ENGLAND.—THE READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



SPAIN.—GOVERNMENT CAVALRY RECRUITS SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THEIR COLORS, AT VITORIA.



HON. J. M'GUIRE, SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

HON. JEREMIAH M'GUIRE,
SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

THE Assembly at Albany organized on Tuesday, January 5th, when Mr. McGuire was elected Speaker—a position he is pre-eminently qualified to fill. Chemung County and the city of Elmira have just cause for rejoicing in the success of their gifted and distinguished representative. The new

Speaker is a lawyer of eminent ability, and has for several years been connected with the most important cases which have come before the courts of Central and Western New York.

But few men have ever been called to fill this important position who were equal to Mr. McGuire in the mental and moral qualities required to discharge its delicate and onerous duties with distinguished wisdom and success. His mind is keen,

clear and logical; his culture practical and comprehensive; his knowledge of men and affairs is ready and full, and his conclusions and decisions are remarkable for that Anglo-Saxon quality known as common sense, and for entire judicial fairness towards all parties concerned. As a director of legislation in the interests of the whole people rather than that of a party, we shall expect from the new Speaker such examples of wisdom, fairness and states-

manship as will make his term of the Speakership notable and memorable as an example to be followed by his successors. From the remarkable judicial character of his mind, and his unusual powers of system and arrangement, he will discharge his duties with deliberation and care, with courtesy and impartiality, and with such tact and judgment that he will rarely make a mistake, or be called on to review or abandon a position when once taken.



HON. HIRAM CALKINS, CLERK OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.—SEE PAGE 391.



THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA," FEBRUARY 4TH—THE ABDUCTION OF GIROFLA BY A BAND OF PIRATES, ACT I., SCENE I.—PAINTED BY MATT MORGAN.
SEE PAGE 395.

Mr. McGuire is in his fiftieth year. He enjoyed no extraordinary educational advantages in his youth, but he eagerly availed himself of all that his opportunities threw in his way, and when he reached man's estate, determined to qualify himself for the legal profession. He did so, and was duly admitted to the Bar. As we have intimated, he soon rose to eminence in his calling, and enjoys the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens very largely. He is a firm and consistent Democrat, and has long taken an active part in politics. He was a prominent member of a former Legislature, and his well-known abilities as a jurist secured him a position on the Judiciary Committee. His abilities are really those of a Judge, and he has so far displayed them to a considerable degree in his rulings as Speaker. He was member of the Assembly in 1873, and his speech on the Cornell University was the ablest and most not-d speech of that session. His speech on the management of the land grant was not only the most noteworthy instance of his devotion to truth and justice, in the interest of the people of the State, but attracted the attention of the whole country. After two years' delay, he is now, by virtue of his office as Speaker, one of the trustees of the University.

THE KING'S STATUE AT FLORENCE.

THERE'S a statue at Florence of Victor the King, And his arm is outstretch'd over Arno; his sword Points Southward and Romeward, motioning All Italy thither to march at his word: And there came to mine eyes a rushing of sweet, Glad tears, as I saw it; a voice in my soul Singing, "Thither, O King, I would follow thy feet, And strike for the dream that makes Italy whole!"

A WINTER'S TALE.

BROTHERLY affection is much stronger in some men than in others. I knew a man once who had nine brothers, and knew nothing, and said he cared nothing, about them—not even whether they were alive or dead. Perhaps, as he had so many relations, his individual affection for each was weak; to me, who had but one brother, and who loved that brother very dearly, that man's heart seemed a very bad one.

Yes, I was very fond of my brother Edward, and when he was ordered change of air and scene, as he had injured his health by over-study, I gave up my business and determined to accompany him. It was in the Autumn that we consulted friends and guide-books as to a suitable residence for the Winter: I wanted to go abroad, but he had a persistent dislike to foreign places and foreign ways, and preferred a quiet watering-place in England, where the cold winds of Winter could not visit us too keenly—and to such a retreat we went.

It was a lovely spot; I remember with what a sense of relief and refreshment my eyes rested on the green hills shutting in the terrace-like town, the calm sea—as blue, I thought, as any sea could be—the white paths winding over the cliffs, and the September sun flooding every object in golden splendor.

"Do you think you can spend a few months happily here, Edward?" I asked him, the day after our arrival.

"Oh, yes," he said, confidently; "I mean to put all study on one side now, as Doctor Stanton advised me—all languages shall be dead to me, except my mother-tongue, and I will try to forget that there ever existed any one more clever than myself."

Ah, my brother, I little thought what study you would soon commence, and what a small share I should then have of your attention.

The town we were in boasted of an esplanade—what place by the sea does not?—and a dwarfed pier, which was to grow into larger dimensions when the liberality of the townsfolk or the patronage of the visitors was equal to the emergency. These two resorts were frequented by the usual types of humanity to be found on the south coast every Winter. There were the old men and women clinging to life and seeking to prolong it by keeping from the cold winds, eating sparingly and drinking abundantly, coming out, after long consultations with their doctors, wrapped up to the eyes; but there was a far larger number of young people, whose frequent cough and slow step told of inroads made by a dire disease, a tale their mufflers and respirators only confirmed.

I noticed the similarity of all these young invalids—the same quick flush when excited by the smallest surprise, the same brilliant eyes, the same transparent complexions; and I grew almost melancholy in watching them, for on leaving home the doctors had warned me that I must take every precaution lest that fatal disease should lay its hands on my brother.

But there were some things to look at not calculated to make me sad—children gleeful and happy, as all children are at play, young couples spending their honeymoon, apparently absorbed in each other, and other young couples who evidently hoped to walk in the same path soon. Then came those irrepressible beggars who would importune me—a bachelor of thirty-five—to buy lace, pin-cushions, or pebble brooches, accompanying the latter with the recommendation, "A nice present for a lady, sir."

Edward and I were strolling along the esplanade one day, with that purposeless saunter so strange to any one used to the eager rush of London streets, when he drew my attention by the remark:

"What a bright face!"

I followed the direction of his eyes, and echoed his words. A girl of about twenty, whose cheeks glowed with health, passed us, talking in an animated manner to an elderly lady.

Let me try to recall you as you were then, Clarice Courtney—before after events revealed what they did. A figure of medium height, well-proportioned and active; a face not beautiful, but strangely attractive by reason of its open, intelligent expression; dark-gray eyes, seeming to change color with every mood, arched by firmly-marked eyebrows; the mouth mobile and flexible, but hardening into almost stern lines when in repose; masses of brown hair waving back from a broad white forehead—such was Clarice Courtney when we first met her.

I have no eye for the particulars of a lady's dress, but hers always seemed part of her; it fell in such natural folds and set in such easy curves, that one almost fancied it had grown on her. I did not see all this in the brief glance I gave that Autumn afternoon; but even then I thought it a relief to look from the pallid faces around me to that glowing countenance, and watched for it when we turned, but we did not see her again that day.

One morning we were walking over the cliffs, and, coming to a part where a narrow path turned abruptly, my brother, who was in advance of me, found himself face to face with the young lady we had noticed on the esplanade. To move out of the path, at the same time raising his hat, was the work of a moment. She acknowledged his courtesy by a quick glance and a slight bow, and passed on with her companion. He looked after her, but said nothing,

while I wondered what it was in the other lady's face that seemed so familiar to me.

That same afternoon was wet, and I settled myself in an easy-chair with my paper, and had nearly dropped off to sleep over it, when I was roused by an exclamation from Edward:

"James, those two ladies are coming here!" "Nonsense," I said, getting up and joining him at the window in time to catch sight of their forms vanishing through the street-door. We heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and then a door closed. "They must be our fellow-lodgers," I remarked, settling myself to repose again. "Don't you remember our landlady's informing us that she had two ladies in the house?"

"So she did," assented Edward; "how strange that it should be those!"

"Not at all strange," I opposed rather crossly, for I did not like being disturbed from my after-dinner nap; "why not those ladies as well as any others?"

Ah, if I had but known!

Edward made no reply, and I was just in that pleasant border-land between sleeping and waking, when I heard the faint sound of a piano, and then a voice singing, but the tones were too distant to distinguish, and soon sleep closed my ears to any sound at all.

"Let us go blackberrying to-day, James," said my brother the next morning; "I am quite tired of pacing up and down that esplanade, and passing the same faces again and again. Let us have a regular ramble in some of the pretty lanes about here."

I consented, and we walked over the cliffs for some distance, and then struck inland through a lovely lane bordered thickly with blackberry-hedges. I was laughing at the boyish eagerness with which my brother scrambled after the ripe fruit, when a turn in the lane showed us our fellow-lodgers. The younger one was standing pulling down a high branch with her parasol. Suddenly the bramble flew up, carrying her parasol with it and there it dangled just above her reach.

"Oh, Mrs. Ling, what shall I do?"

"I think I can reach it, if you will allow me," said Edward. He was a tall fellow, and soon handed her the endangered property. She thanked him with a smile and a blush.

"I am too aspiring," she observed, laughingly, "and was very nearly being punished for my ambition."

I don't know how it was—for my brother and I were as reserved as most Englishmen, and more so than many—but we fell into conversation with these two ladies then, in the course of which I found that the elder lady was the mother of an old school-friend of mine, whose home, intimate as we were, I had never visited. This, of course, was enough to make us friends at once, and Mrs. Ling introduced me to Miss Courtney, telling her of our discovery. We passed the rest of the morning together, returning to the same house to dine, much to the ladies' surprise.

So commenced an intimacy which naturally, under the circumstances, soon became close, and a few days found us established as the ladies' escorts in their walks; and it was a recognized thing for us to spend the evenings in their sitting-room. Mrs. Ling reminded me strongly of her son, and that was a sufficient reason for me to like her company; and as for Edward and Miss Courtney, they always had some book to compare notes upon, or some song to try, or some other mutual object of interest. So the Autumn days flew quickly by; the leaves changed color and fell from the trees; the days sensibly shortened; the sea lost its blue, and was always gray; the winds grew colder and higher—the Winter was come.

It seems strange that I never gave a thought to the probable effect on my brother of the constant companionship of a young, attractive woman, but I never did. He had always shunned ladies' society, and was never quite at ease with them, owing to a reserved disposition and a lack of that "small talk" which seems especially pleasing to feminine ears. He could shine amongst men, but was often silent and even awkward amongst women: he had never known a mother's care, or a sister's love, and I felt that he wanted that wonderful and nameless influence which the society of refined women always exercise on a man's character. So I was rather glad to see him take an interest in our friends, and show a partiality for their company, and thought of nothing beyond.

I remember the day my eyes were opened to see what a turning-point in my brother's life this quiet Winter by the sea was likely to afford. We had been singing that quaint old part-song, "You stole my love," I assisting with my indifferent tenor, and Mrs. Ling with her cracked alto, the two younger and sweeter voices. We then searched for some more part-songs, but Mrs. Ling, recollecting she had put them away, left the room to fetch them.

I retreated to the window, and looked out on the starlit night; the curtains screened me from view, and the two by the piano evidently thought they were alone.

"I must really congratulate you on your improvement, Mr. Edward," said Miss Courtney, looking up at him with that smile which gave such a charm to her face; "you sang your part really well in that part-song."

"Did I?" he returned, looking pleased. After a short pause he added, in quite another tone, "You see I felt what I was singing, and I suppose truth gave power to my voice."

He looked at her with unmistakable earnestness as he spoke; her eyes fell, and, rising from her seat, she began to turn over some music that lay on the table. Her face was towards me; and I could see, by the smile that lingered round her mouth, her heightened color, and the happy light in her eyes, that she had taken Edward's words as they were meant, and that their meaning was not disagreeable to her.

Here Mrs. Ling entered, and I left my retreat unobserved and joined them, but all the rest of the evening I was engaged in watching my brother and the woman I feared he loved. Yes, feared—for, in spite of her cheerful temperament, her sparkling intellect, and her many good qualities, I felt Clarice Courtney was not the woman I could trust with my brother's happiness.

Selfishness is observable in most young people—the fact of their own existence is so new and important as to preclude any great interest in that of others—but Clarice was exceptionally selfish, and I noticed in her a cold, calculating spirit, out of harmony with her otherwise impulsive nature, as if worldly experiences and counsels had triumphed over better feelings.

Entering the breakfast-room first the next morning, I took up an envelope addressed to Mr. Lorraine—my brother's name and my own. It contained a bill for flowers supplied at recent dates. I remembered the bouquets which always adorned Mrs. Ling's rooms, and how Miss Courtney often had a rose fastened in her brown hair; and there flashed across my mind that I had heard Edward whisper something to her about "poor flowers" and "the giver," so I had no difficulty in guessing who had contracted the bill.

Later in the day I wanted some stamps, and,

turning over the contents of my brother's desk somewhat recklessly, there fell from a paper a white rosebud which I recognized as the same Clarice had laughingly fastened in his coat one day—she had bestowed a like favor on me. I had long ago flung mine away unheeded; Edward had cherished his as we cherish those valueless things which a loved hand gives us.

I seized the first opportunity to question Mrs. Ling about Clarice, and learnt that she was an orphan provided for by her relatives, that she had been ill with a kind of fever and had been prescribed sea-air, and that Mrs. Ling had volunteered to take charge of her, when a difficulty arose as to a companion.

"I am very anxious about Clarice, Mr. Lorraine," continued Mrs. Ling; "her mother was my dearest friend, and I see in the child many of those traits I admired and loved in the mother. But Clarice is proud and ambitious; she occupies of necessity a dependent position, and is no doubt subjected to some annoyances, at which she chafes dreadfully, instead of bearing them patiently. She indulges, too, in such aspirations after grandeur and riches, that I really tremble for the future of one so discontented."

And this was the woman my brother loved! He could only ask her to be the wife of a poor curate. And yet she could not be trifling with him; surely she would not passively receive his attentions if she did not love him!

Nor was it only a passive reception they met with; the swift glance of her eyes veiled quickly by the drooping lids, the gratified smile, the sudden blush, the half-expressed deference to his wishes, the ready compliance with any slight request of his—all told me that she loved my brother; and I almost hoped she did when I thought of his sensitive nature and how intensely earnest he was in everything he attempted. Love with him would not be a dream, but a reality. I determined to question him as soon as I could.

Just at this time some friends of Mrs. Ling's came to see the beauties of the picturesque watering-place, and Clarice and her companion were often with them, so my brother and I were thrown back on each other's society. The evenings we passed together saw me on one side the fire and Edward opposite, apparently absorbed in some book, which seemed only an excuse to enable him to think in silence.

We were sitting thus one evening, when I broached the subject that was so often in my thought.

"How dull it seems to be without friends!" I said, stirring the fire, but watching him.

He looked up, and let the book fall on his knee.

"Yes," he responded, slowly.

"Clarice is such a light-hearted girl, she makes her absence felt," I continued.

He made no answer, but looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"I wonder she does not marry," I resumed, after a short pause. "Not that I think she would make a good wife—unless under exceptional circumstances."

He rose from his seat, and stood leaning against the mantelpiece; his back was to the lamp, but the firelight flickered on his face, and I could see it was flushed.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a constrained voice; and then, somewhat defiantly, "What are the exceptional circumstances?"

"I mean that, if she can marry a rich man, she may make a good wife; but she is too selfish and proud to be happy with a poor man. Indeed," I added, slowly, "I don't think she would marry a poor one."

Edward turned away, and walked several times up and down the room. Coming back, and standing before me, he raised his eyes to my face, and said, calmly and quietly:

"I love Clarice Courtney, and am going to ask her to-morrow to be my wife."

"Edward!" I exclaimed, prepared neither for the sudden avowal nor for the earnest passion his face expressed.

"Well," he said, almost haughtily, "and why not?"

I told him what Mrs. Ling had said—what I myself had observed. He listened with evident impatience, and, when I paused, said, steadily:

"It's of no use, James—not the least. You may reason with me as you like, but I love her, and I believe she loves me—at any rate, I shall ask her to-morrow."

I had always regarded my brother as still very much of a boy, and so to be guided, and at times restrained. Now I realized that he was a man, with a man's hopes and passions, and that I was unable to reason away or limit this power that had asserted itself so strongly over his heart; so I could only hope, for his sake, that Clarice was not the self-absorbed being I imagined her.

The short Winter days flew by. We saw but little of Clarice; but I gathered from my brother that he had made his avowal; and her reply was neither acceptance nor refusal, but nearer the first. I began to be hopeful. After all, it would be no matter of surprise if she did not love my warm-hearted, clever and rather good-looking brother; and there is nothing like true love for taking the selfishness out of any one's heart.

She was out with us one morning, when there passed us a well-appointed carriage-and-pair. The splendid horses, the footman, the glittering harness, and the daintily-dressed figure inside, all betokened wealth.

"That is the Honorable Mrs. Desson," I said, noticing how eagerly Clarice's eyes followed the equipage.

"How nice it must be to be rich!" she remarked, sighing. "People talk about money not buying happiness—why, it does! If you are ill, it procures doctors and luxuries, and brings back health; if you are lonely, it brings amusements, and friends too. And how can you blame any one for visiting the abodes of elegance and luxury in preference to those of poverty and meanness? The sweetest music, the best pictures, the loveliest scenes, are for the wealthy. Surely they must be happy."

I glanced at Edward. He looked uneasy, and seemed about to speak; but just at that moment a gentleman approached, and addressed Clarice with the air of an intimate acquaintance. Edward and I passed on, and, looking back presently, I saw she had turned and was walking with her new friend.

"Do you know that gentleman?" I asked Edward.

"Yes," he replied, "it is a Mr. Rogers—one of the party of friends they have been visiting lately. The rest have gone, but he stays here for a time."

"When did you see him before?" I inquired, with that idle interest one takes in an unimportant subject when interesting events are scarce.

"He has often escorted Clarice and Mrs. Ling home," he replied, briefly; and then I knew why it was that on those evenings we spent alone my brother lingered down-stairs long after I had retired.

We had still less of Clarice's company after that day; Mr. Rogers seemed always with her, and, though Mrs. Ling introduced us in due form, we instinctively felt he did not want us to join them—nor was Clarice as friendly as before.

Her new acquaintance was a man of about forty,

with plain and, to my thinking, disagreeable features. The little I heard of his conversation led me to estimate him as a man who had risen from the ranks by dint of industry; he was evidently of inferior education, but had sufficient sense to hide most of his deficiencies. He was often guilty of the vulgarity so observable in self-made men—that of parading his wealth before others. He was the kind of man who would eat dainty dishes when they were out of season, and talk of it afterwards.

What enjoyment Clarice, with her refined tastes, could find in the society of such a commonplace person, I could not imagine. Perhaps his money attracted her; daily, as we saw less and less of her, and the shadow deepened on Edward's face, I feared that it was so. How angry I felt with the smiling girl who always looked so fresh and bright; and how I pitied my brother, whom I was powerless to help!

Just at this time Mrs. Ling announced her intention of removing nearer the esplanade, and soon we were the sole occupants of our house. I felt sure that this was Clarice's doing.

One day Edward was a long time writing at his desk; afterwards, crossing over to me, he held out a letter addressed—"Miss Courtney."

"I have asked her for a plain answer," he said, in a low tone.

The answer came. He read it with a pale face and compressed lips, put it in my hand, and, without saying a word, left the house. I saw him cross the garden in front, and walk rapidly away. This was the letter:

"DEAR MR. LORRAINE: I am very sorry that anything in my manner has given you hopes of the kind expressed in your letter. In order to show you that those hopes have no foundation, I need only say that I am engaged to marry Mr. Rogers in a few months' time. Yours, truly, C. COURTNEY."

"Heartless flirt!" I exclaimed, crushing the letter in my hand as I would have crushed her—for I hated the cruel girl then. How could she trifle thus with such a man as Edward? Such a loyal, true heart as he had offered her!

And she did love him—I felt sure of it; but a mercenary ambition had triumphed over her love; she had sold herself for a grand home and a well-filled purse, and it would have been better for Edward if he had never seen her.

Meanwhile, as I sat brooding over this trouble of my brother's, the sky clouded over, and soon the rain poured in torrents. I wished Edward was at home, but reflected that he would probably obtain shelter.

Hour after hour passed, the dark Winter evening closed in, and still the rain fell and my brother came not; I became uneasy, and had just resolved to go in search of him, when he entered the room. He was wet through, the rain ran off him in small streams, and his hair hung wildly round the face that had lately grown so pale and sad.

"Don't say anything to me," he said, with the air of a child who has done something wrong; "I went over the cliffs and was caught in the rain, and have had to walk through it home. I am going to bed now."

The next morning he was hot and feverish, and breathed with difficulty. I summoned a doctor, who pronounced it to be a serious case of inflammation of the lungs. The long walk in the wet had told on a constitution already weakened, and he was very ill.

I need not linger over that time, though I remember it, alas, too well! I can see the sick-room with the nurse moving about, I can hear the labored breathing of the still figure on the bed, the rain beating on the window, the wind rushing round the house, and that strange hollow murmur the sea kept up all the time. I never sit alone now on a wet day without recalling it all vividly, for it was a wet Winter, and seemed to be always raining.

Mrs. Ling called one afternoon to tell me of their intended departure the next day, in order to see some relative who was to set sail for India or Australia—I forget which. Miss Courtney sent her kind regards, and was sorry she was too busy to call and say good-by.

I parted from Mrs. Ling rather coldly—not that I blamed her, but I shrank from all that reminded me of the days when my brother was well and happy. He never asked me about them till one evening some time after they were gone. He listened quietly while I told him of Mrs. Ling's visit, and then asked me to get a packet from his desk.

He opened it, and took out one by one the mementoes of his false love. There were the white rosebud, a few verses in her writing, a spirited sketch of a view in the neighborhood by the same hand, and even a tress of her glossy hair.

"Burn them!" he said, hoarsely; and I put them on the fire.

He watched the sudden blaze die out, with a look in his face that brought tears to my eyes.

Day by day the shadow grew darker—the shadow of that dead presence that was to take my brother from me. Then the parting came. It was in my arms that he looked his last upon this world, my ears heard his last sigh, and all that was left to me of him was a memory and a hope—a memory of a good, loving brother, dearer to me than my own life—a hope inspired by his last words of seeing him again in a little while.

I left all that was mortal of him behind me in a quiet churchyard, and went to London to make arrangements for going abroad. I had always had a wish to travel, and now it was the best thing I could do; but various things occurred to detain me, and several months passed by, and I was still in England.

I was crossing by the Marble Arch one day when a carriage drove by. The horses were instantly checked, a voice called my name, and leaning from the window was Mrs. Rogers—for the papers had informed me that Miss Courtney existed no longer. There she was, in as splendid an equipage as the one she had admired when we were with her by the sea. She had her wish now, and sat there in costly array, while he—

"I have not seen or heard of you for an age, Mr. Lorraine," she said, holding out her daintily-gloved hand; "how are you?"

"I am quite well, thank you, Mrs. Rogers," I replied, affecting not to see the proffered salute.

Her color deepened perceptibly—perhaps at my rudeness, perhaps at the mention of her new name.

"How is your brother?" she inquired hurriedly. Evidently, in the bustle consequent upon her hasty wedding, she had not heard of his death.

"Thank you," I answered, in the same distant tone, and fixing my eyes on her, "my brother is dead."

If I needed any confirmation of my belief of her love for him, I had it now—all the color left her face, as with a low cry she fell back amongst the cushions of her luxurious carriage.

I passed on, glad that I had pierced the covering of that hard heart. It was quite the end of the Summer before I found myself able to leave England, and I went to take a last look at my brother's grave. It was in a quiet, sunny corner of the churchyard, looking towards the sea—the dash of

the waves on the beach close by could be plainly heard. The calm beauty of the Summer evening soothed me, and I wandered about that little God's Acre, loath to leave it.

Presently I saw a familiar figure approach the simple stone that marked my brother's resting-place. I drew nearer, and, screened by some trees, saw without being seen kneeling beside the grave, and tenderly placing on it some fresh flowers, was the woman who had been loved so fondly by the heart that was moldering there. Her face had changed, the bright look was gone, and in its place was one of utter weariness and discontent.

I knew that my brother was avenged, and that ever before that woman's eyes—tired of the glitter of the gold she had sacrificed so much for—would rise that lonely grave by the sea.

HON. SAMUEL JONES TILDEN, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

GOVERNOR TILDEN is a native of New Lebanon, Columbia County, N.Y., and is descended from Puritan stock.

Nathaniel Tilden, his ancestor, was a brother of one of the consignors of the *Mayflower*, and three years after the landing at Plymouth Rock came to America, with nine other gentlemen, from Kent, England, in the ship *Ann*, and founded the town of Scituate, Mass. Governor Tilden is now in his sixty-first year, and was born in 1814, near the close of the last war with England. Governor Tilden's grandfather settled in Columbia County, in 1790. His father, a farmer and merchant in New Lebanon, was noted for his sound practical sense and sagacity, and when his son Samuel was prepared to enter Yale College, at the age of eighteen, was a prominent man in the county, and the intimate friend and correspondent of Silas Wright, Martin Van Buren, Michael Hoffman, the Livingstons, William L. Marcy, and other Democratic leaders and statesmen, all of whom were frequent visitors at his ever hospitable home. Thus, in his early youth Governor Tilden was inspired to become a student of the great questions of government and political affairs, by familiarity and association with those eminent statesmen, who were the means of determining his profession and career. In the contests which resulted in the second election of General Jackson as President, Van Buren, Vice-President, and Marcy, Governor, young Tilden took an active and influential part. The success of the Democratic Party at that time depended upon the breaking up of a coalition between the National Republicans and the Anti-Masons. Young Tilden wrote a powerful analysis of the political situation, showing that there could be no honest alliance, which was published in the *Albany Argus*, and was so finished and vigorous in style and matter, that its authorship was attributed to Mr. Van Buren, which, in self-defense, he was obliged to deny; and when the real author was discovered, it brought him into full fellowship with all his father's distinguished friends, who composed the famous Albany Regency, and gave him high rank among the leaders of the party, which he maintained for a period of twenty years, when, on the decease of Dean Richmond, he became its honored head and most trusted leader. Two years later, Governor Tilden entered Yale College, a year in advance, in the remarkable class in which were entered William M. Everts, Chief-Justice Waite, Edwards Pierpont, and Professors Lyman and Silliman. Here he became a proficient in all branches, continuing his studies with such application that his health soon failed, and he was taken home without a hope of ever returning. At this time the great contest between General Jackson and the Bank of the United States was at its height, and Mr. Tilden so far recovered his strength as to be able to take part in the struggle. In 1834 he entered the University of New York, securing some peculiar advantages necessary to the restoration of his health and favorable to the study of the law.

As a student, his tastes were exacting and refined, and his recitations displayed a most thorough mastery of the subject in hand. During his University career, Mr. Tilden took an active part in the discussions in regard to Mr. Van Buren's fiscal system, known as the Independent Treasury, and in questions of State and National politics. Having finished his course at the University, Mr. Tilden entered the law-school of the late Benjamin F. Butler and the law-office of the late Judge John W. Edmonds.

Upon entering the study of the law, Mr. Tilden's father took occasion to impress upon the mind of his son the importance of looking carefully and critically into the reason of every principle, and to always go to the bottom of a subject. It is from this habit in the study of his profession that he has blended with his practice the study of metaphysics, political economy, and other cognate branches, which throw a clear light upon the higher planes on which the law is founded. Hence the study of law as it relates to a wise and beneficent government, and to the duties and welfare of society, has been with Governor Tilden always a subject of profound investigation, which has had its effect in inducing him to prefer in practice a line of cases embracing the more comprehensive views of law and its principles as a science, and thus has led him to an extended and exhaustive study of financial questions, and the monetary aspects of political economy. It has often been said of Daniel Webster that his simple, masterly arrangement of the facts of a case in the exact order of their legal value was in itself an irresistible argument. Governor Tilden possesses this analytical and logical power of statement in an eminent degree. A few of the more significant cases in which he has been engaged in our higher courts in which this remarkable faculty was displayed may be alluded to. In 1855, in the case of Comptroller Plagg, Mr. Tilden, by a mathematical and logical analysis, reconstructed a lost tally list, showing the number of tickets, candidates, and aggregate votes, and proved conclusively the return of Mr. Plagg was correct, and won his case on the opening. As counsel for the heirs in the Burdell case, by an acute examination of witnesses, he developed a series of circumstances which completely overthrew the claims of Mrs. Cunningham, winning his case. Governor Tilden has held the relation of legal adviser to more than one-half of the railroad enterprises of the West north of the Ohio which have been organized during the past twenty-five years. He has a thorough knowledge of their history and requirements, and is master of all the questions that may arise in their financial administration, and has also in this long period settled all the important principles involved in the management of our canals, which gives him a broad, clear view of the practical relations of canals and railroads to the interests of the people and the State. He possesses rare powers of combination, system and organization.

The tendency of Governor Tilden's mind has always been to secure the ends of justice, equity and social order. In 1846 Governor Tilden was returned from this city to the Assembly, and also to the Constitutional Convention. In all the most im-

portant discussions in the two revisions of the State Constitution, 1846 and 1867, he bore a conspicuous part. With the exception of the late Mr. Greeley and Thurlow Weed, no other man has enjoyed so wide a personal acquaintance in this State as he. During the height of the power of the Tweed Ring in 1869, an effort was made to supersede him as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. After a severe contest, he was sustained by nearly seven-eighths of the Convention. In the following year began the celebrated controversy concerning the new charter of the city of New York. Almost alone Governor Tilden went to Albany, and on April 5th, 1870, made an exhaustive speech in denunciation of the charter which restored the Tweed régime regardless of the people by a purchased vote of the Legislature. In 1871 he led the revolt of 40,000 Democrats against the Tweed Ring in the city of New York, and was elected to the Assembly for the avowed purpose of purifying the Judiciary. The successful result of this, the most burdensome contest of his whole career, is well known. By his famous analysis of the accounts of the Broadway Bank and subsequent investigations of a similar character, Governor Tilden furnished all the judicial evidence by which suits could be maintained. At the end of eighteen months' gratuitous labor—for both he and Mr. O'Connor received no professional compensation, even paying their own traveling expenses—involving Governor Tilden's complete retirement from his practice and personal business, the Ring was completely overthrown. Governor Tilden's labors during the Presidential campaign of 1872 were most zealous and exacting upon his time and purse, and notwithstanding the disastrous results ending in the death of Horace Greeley, he earned and received the fullest regard and confidence of that eminent man, as a most loyal and trustworthy supporter, through every discouragement and difficulty. The election of Governor Tilden but emphasizes the action and policy of protest against official corruption and political demoralization inaugurated by Mr. Greeley and his followers. Governor Tilden is a man of cultivated literary and artistic tastes, and numbers among his friends many literary men. His law library is one the largest and rarest in the country, and is supplemented by a large and exceedingly fine collection of works on finance, political economy, and general literature. In all the acts of his public life Mr. Tilden has manifested a generous largeness and statesmanlike quality of mind which naturally leads him to measure fairly the material interests of all classes of his fellow-citizens—the poor laborer, the hard-working mechanic and thrifty farmer, as well as the capitalist. Governor Tilden is by nature a man of great gentleness and simplicity of character, and is exceedingly tender and appreciative of the feelings and rights of others, having a strong, ever-present consciousness of what is right and fair, which makes him in the largest sense a peace-maker, and a wise promoter of the best interests of all; and, in any public position, either as legislator, governor, or as the executive of the nation, should he be called to that exalted station, could not well act except as a statesman in the noblest and most comprehensive sense. Governor Tilden is a man of property, the result of honest hard work, wise management, and safe and sagacious investment. But few have any idea of the financial sacrifices he has made for others in deference to a filial sentiment, or of his real generosity and unselfishness as a man and a friend in need. Governor Tilden is still a bachelor, and the Executive Mansion is gracefully presided over by his sister. Governor Tilden comes to the executive chair at a time of great financial and business depression, and we shall be disappointed if he fails to make a wise, safe and judicious administrator of the great interests confided to his hands. No man in the country is more likely to be the next President.

HON. HIRAM CALKINS,

CLERK OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

THIS gentleman, who was elected to the responsible and honorable position as Clerk to the Assembly on Tuesday, January 5th, is widely known as a successful journalist, and for his comprehensive knowledge of State and national legislation and politics. Also for a thorough practical knowledge of the duties and details of his new position, he having held the office of Clerk of the Senate during the administration of Governor Hoffman. He is a native of Wyoming County, in this State, and has just passed his forty-first year. Mr. Calkins comes from an excellent stock—his ancestors on both sides having been prominently connected with the earlier history of our country. On his father's side they came from Wales, and were for many years members of the Colonial Council of Massachusetts, and during the Revolutionary War several of them were found in the ranks of the patriot army. The great-grandfather of Mr. Calkins was with Ethan Allan at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, and died in service at that point. His ancestors on his mother's side came from England, and settled in the vicinity of Norwalk, Conn. His mother's name was Lockwood, a family familiar to all conversant with the early history of Western Connecticut. His great-grandfather on the maternal side was a general of the Connecticut militia during the Revolutionary War, and was a special favorite of General Washington during his campaigns in New England. Mr. Calkins passed his boyhood and youth laboring on a farm, with no other educational advantages than those afforded by the district school, where he was remarkable for his promptitude and perfect lessons. He was an inveterate reader, and at a very early age manifested a strong desire to excel in every branch of study, and he never failed to improve every opportunity, no matter how great the effort required. On arriving at his majority he visited Harrisburg, and engaged in bookkeeping, and corresponding for the Philadelphia *Sun*, and other papers, during the session of the Legislature. Soon after he commenced corresponding for the New York *Herald*, and was so successful that Mr. Hudson, the then managing editor, offered him a situation on that paper in New York. In 1859 he took up his residence in New York, and took a position on the New York *Herald*. He acted as correspondent of the *Herald* at Albany during the session of the Legislature of 1860, and his letters soon attracted universal attention, by his spicy exposure of the inside workings of the Legislature. He gave the name of "Gridiron" to the city railroad legislation of that session. He was legislative correspondent of the *Herald* for four succeeding sessions. In the Fall of 1864 Mr. Bennett sent Mr. Calkins to Washington to represent the New York *Herald* at the National Capital, where he soon established confidential relations with the President and members of the Cabinet, and for a long time was the only correspondent whom Secretary Stanton would communicate with. He had free access to Mr. Stanton's office at all times, and was in Washington at the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, who invited Mr. Calkins the previous evening, while on a visit to the White House, to accompany him to the theatre on the eventful night. He was present at the death of Mr. Lincoln, and telegraphed a long account of nine

columns in the *Herald*, and so great was the demand for the number in which it appeared, that 161,000 copies were sold. In the Fall of 1866 he severed his connection with the *Herald*, and became a part of the staff of the New York *World*, when he was elected Clerk of the Senate. At the session of the Legislature of 1866 he went to Albany as the representative of the *World*, making the session memorable by his exposures of the Canal Ring. In the Fall of 1868, soon after the death of Miles O'Reilly, he became editor of the New York *Citizen*, and exhibited rare journalistic talent in conducting that paper. His knowledge of men, their weak points and characteristics, is admirable. In the local politics of New York City he is probably the best posted representative of the press, while his intimate knowledge of men in public life give him pre-eminence over most newspaper men in regard to the politics of the State. Mr. Calkins has a remarkable faculty which enables him to do many things at the same time with clearness and accuracy. He held the position of Clerk of the Senate for two years' discharging its duties with distinguished ability, exhibiting an executive capacity far beyond the anticipations of his most sanguine friends. Mr. Calkins was unanimously elected Clerk of the Constitutional Convention in December, 1872, receiving the support of both Democrats and Republicans in that body. At the close of its session strong resolutions were passed in his honor, and the speeches made by the members in support of the resolutions were of the most complimentary character. Mr. Calkins has been mentioned as the most probable Clerk of the next Congress. In 1858 he was married to Miss Jennie Partch, of Burlington, Vt., who died in April, 1872.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE CARLIST WAR IN SPAIN.—Our illustration represents the recruits of the "Husares Cazadores de Talavera," one of the finest of the Government cavalry regiments at Vittoria. The recruits, 250 in number, were drawn up in single file before the "Standarte," which was borne by the junior cornet, and accompanied by a guard of six men and a bugler. On the right stood the Colonel, on the left the Chaplain. After the men have been sworn the Colonel holds his sword across the pole of the standard so as to form a cross, and the recruits then defile past, each stooping and kissing the sword. They then defile past a second time, stooping under and saluting the standard, which is held in a position projecting forward. Our second engraving portrays a stirring incident during the fighting last month at Andoñin and Urnieta between the troops of the Republican General Loma and those of the Carlist leader Elío. Some Republicans had entrenched themselves in a house in the main street of Urnieta, and the Carlists did their utmost to dislodge them. Some tried to scale the gratings; others, more thoughtful, procured ladders; others again, returning to the aris of earlier ages, battered the door with a heavy beam of wood, their companions keeping up meanwhile a brisk fusillade at the windows to prevent the inmates from firing upon the attacking party.

NEW BULL RING, MADRID.—It appears somewhat singular that while the Spanish treasury is nearly bankrupt, that the city of Madrid could afford to construct a new bull ring at a cost of \$80,000. The grand *Plaza de Toros* inaugurated by Marshal Serrano is outside the city proper, and exhibits the pure Moorish style of architecture. It will seat 12,000 persons. The sketch gives a fair view of the various features of bull-fighting.

AN EXECUTION IN JAPAN.—This engraving, from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. H. F. Abell, of Yokohama, represents an execution which he witnessed. The victims were seven in number, and amongst them two priests. The execution-ground, a small plateau with a background of trees, commanded a beautiful view of Yokohama Bay and the country between. Some of our readers may recognize it better under the name of Tobé. Directly the first prisoner arrived on the ground his eyes were bound with white paper, and his six companions were similarly blindfolded and placed in a row amidst a dead silence. The first man was led forth, his crime and sentence were read by the magistrate present (in European uniform on the chair), he knelt down on the mat, his clothes being bared from off his shoulders and his hands bound behind. The executioner wetted the long sharp blade with a drop of water, took aim, and with the slightest possible movement severed the head from the body; two coolies immediately sprang forward, one thumped the back of the corpse to quicken the rush of blood, the other took the head from the pit, washed it, and held it up, perfectly white and perfectly calm in expression; the corpse was shoved aside, covered with mats, and the next victim led forth.

BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY.—We give a portrait of the master-spirit of the German Empire, Prince Otto Edouard Leopold von Bismarck, from Paul Buerde's picture recently presented to Princess Bismarck. It represents the great statesman, in semi-uniform, in his study, in the midst of his official books and papers, his favorite dog, that accompanies him almost constantly, lying at his feet.

PRINCESS FRIEDERIKE, has been the faithful Antigone of her father Ex-King George of Hanover, ever since he sought refuge with his ally, the Emperor of Austria. Tall, a blonde, and characterized by the utmost purity and perfection of the feminine type of Northern Europe, she is, beyond contradiction, more beautiful than any other European princess. In December last, King George and Princess Friederike, who had been sojourning for some time previously in Paris, were rejoined by the Queen, her son, the Prince Royal, and her youngest daughter.

THE LATE LEDRU-ROLLIN.—Alexandre-Auguste Ledru-Rollin, the celebrated French jurist and politician towards whom many anxious eyes are now turned in the present European crisis, and who disputes the honor of being the coming man for France with Troche and Jules Favre, was born on the 2d of February, 1808, in Paris. The son of a wealthy physician, he received a liberal education, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1830. A paper on martial law and his "Mémoire sur les Evénements de la rue Transnonain" excited much attention, and gained for him a high reputation as a lawyer. His services as counsel were engaged by most of the opposition journals and Republican conspirators under Louis Philippe. In the numerous trials in which he thus appeared, Rollin gained great popularity by his bold and fervid eloquence. In 1837 he edited the *Journal du Peuple*, a law periodical of high standing, and continued it for ten years, also superintending the publication of a law work, writing a remarkable introduction thereto. His bold professions of Republicanism in 1841 caused him to be prosecuted by the Government, while his uncompromising support of universal suffrage embittered the Royalist party against him. From 1845 until his exile, during which time, however, for several productions from his pen. Rollin's name will go down to posterity more as a politician than a lawyer or writer, though a politician of the nobler sort.

READING ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.—The building of a dome over that part of the British Museum which forms the reading room has done much towards popularizing that department of the immense institution. In the old rooms there were few readers; now, every nation and every profession are represented by studious visitors.

The bashful freshman, the self-conscious soph and the confirmed bibliophile knock each other's elbows in an amicable scramble for "authorities," and all the oddities of the great metropolis here find a comfortable literary Mecca.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. DOMESTIC.

THE Savannah Jockey Club opened its Spring meeting February 2d, with five races. . . . King Kalaka, a left San Francisco for Honolulu February 2d. . . . Important observations of Encke's comet were made at the Washington Observatory. . . . Hon. H. H. Starkweather was re-nominated for Congress by the Third District Republican Convention of Connecticut. . . . The New York State Medical Society held its sixty-ninth anniversary. . . . Hon. Joseph Brooks memorialized Congress to order his installation as Governor of Arkansas. . . . An attempt is to be made to close all gambling places in Washington. . . . Angus Cameron was elected United States Senator from Wisconsin to succeed Mr. Carpenter. . . . The credentials of the Hon. William A. Wallace, Senator-elect from Pennsylvania, were presented by Senator Cameron. . . . Archbishop Perche of New Orleans is collecting money in Havana for new Catholic churches in Louisiana. . . . Congressman Stowell was acquitted on the charge of having sold a cadetship. . . . By the direction of the President, the Board of Commissioners appointed under the Act of Congress to investigate and report a permanent plan for the reclamation of the alluvial basin of the Mississippi subject to inundation, is dissolved, to date January 18th, 1875. . . . The Treasury Department is considering a number of applications for fishing-bounty due to vessels destroyed by Confederate cruisers during the war. . . . Mr. Washburn, from the Committee on Claims, reported adversely on the Bill to pay certain persons and corporations for losses sustained by the so-called St. Albans raid on the 19th of October, 1864 and it was indefinitely postponed. . . . Ex-Governor and United States Senator Buckingham of Connecticut, died at Norwich, February 4th, aged seventy-one years. . . . The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has the draft of the treaty between the United States and Hawaii under consideration. . . . The second session of the third Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened February 4th. . . . Samuel F. Hersey, Representative in Congress from Maine, died at his residence in Bangor, last week. . . . The National Grange Patrons of Husbandry held its annual session in Charleston, S. C. . . . Dr. De Koven was elected Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Illinois. . . . The annual charity ball for the benefit of the Child's Nursery and Hospital of New York, was held February 4th.

FOREIGN.

THE empress of China committed suicide soon after her husband's death. . . . The Marquis of Hartington was chosen leader of the Liberal Party, succeeding Mr. Gladstone. . . . Australia applied for 23,000 feet of space at the Centennial. . . . A British man-of-war was ordered to Aspinwall to support the Consul who had been assaulted, and protect Dr. Pigott, a British subject in prison. . . . Pius IX. advised Don Carlos to discontinue the war. . . . English and American residents in Rome gave Garibaldi a banquet. . . . Pampeluna was succored by General Moriones, and the royal troops achieved several victories over the Carlists. . . . The Captain-General of Cuba agreed to let out the Subsistence Department of the Army to a combination of merchants. . . . A rumor was current in Berlin that Bismarck proposes resigning after his sixtieth birthday, soon at hand. . . . The Queen of Madagascar has recently ordered the liberation of all slaves imported into her kingdom since the date of the treaty of 1865, entered into with Great Britain for the suppression of that traffic. . . . The country of Darfour has been annexed to Egypt. . . . A Masonic Temple will, it is announced, be solemnly inaugurated in Rome, this month, and the occasion is to be signalized by unusual pomp of ceremonial. . . . A Bill has been presented to the German Federal Council for the enlargement of Strasbourg by the reconstruction of the fortifications at a greater distance from the centre of the town. . . . A rupture has taken place between the two Kings of Siam, and the second has taken refuge in the British Consulate. The gunboat *Thistle* has been sent to Bangkok to protect British interests. . . . The burial of the late Sir Thomas Baker of Menlough, Galway, Ireland, in a Catholic Cemetery, occasioned a religious controversy similar to the recent disturbance in Canada, the Catholics claiming that the deceased had never recovered Catholic rites of sepulture.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

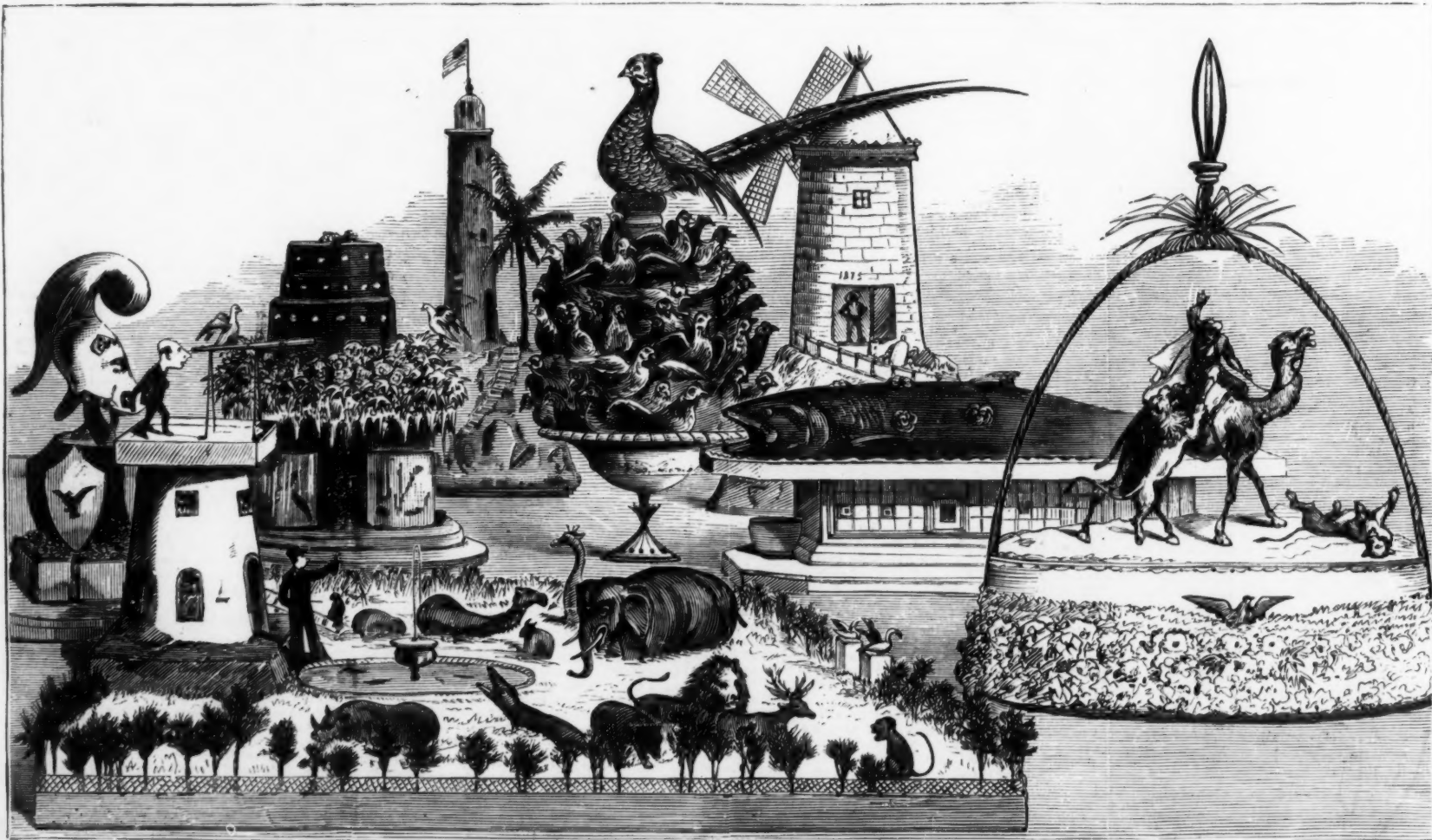
NEW YORK CITY.—On the afternoons of February 11th, February 25th, March 11th and March 25th, commencing each day at three o'clock, Miss Sophia Flora Heilbron, the eminent pianist, will give musical recitals at Steinway Hall. The unexampled success which has attended her previous performances will alone guarantee her success, but if there is any element wanting, it will be found in the generous spirit with which Miss Heilbron has always answered any application for her services, when the object has been one of charity. We trust her subscription-list will be golden with the best wishes of her friends. . . . The Kellogg English Opera Troupe gave the "Bohemian Girl" at the Academy on the 5th, and the first production in America of Balfe's "Talisman" will be given this week. . . . A benefit was tendered Mrs. Rousby at the Lyceum on the 5th, when she appeared as *Camille* before a crowded house. . . . The "Shaugbraun" will be withdrawn from Wallack's on March 29th, after which Mr. Boucicault will present it in Boston. . . . Theodore Thomas gave his fourth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, February 6th, Mlle. Schiller playing Raff's piano concerto. . . . Miss Sophia Flora Heilbron was gracious enough to play for the children of Trinity Chapel on the evening of Thursday, February 4th. . . . Mr. Jo'n Hart and Mr. Boucicault are at legal loggerheads touching the "Shaugbraun" and the "Shockraun."

PROVINCIAL.—Mr. Wallack is playing at the Boston Theatre this week, in his own "Rosedale." . . . Miss Neilson played *Isabella*, in "Measure for Measure," at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. . . . The Maennerchor Musical Society, of Philadelphia, has had a *mardi-gras* carnival, lasting four days. . . . Theodore Thomas delighted the Philadelphians the past week. . . . Chicago is shocked at a play called the "Scandal," which introduces the prominent characters of the Beecher-Tilton affair. . . . Mrs. D. P. Bowers is in Chicago playing *Camille*. . . . Mr. E. L. Davenport has been playing in Pittsburgh with flattering success. . . . On February 15th, Miss Kellogg will make Boston musical. . . . They are to have no *mardi-gras* in New Orleans, owing to the inability of King Prosperity to attend.

FOREIGN.—In musical literature we are soon to have a work that will be interesting in proportion to the excellence of its doing, namely, an autobiography of Richard Wagner, prepared by dove-tailing passages from that composer's many writings which contain information concerning himself. The compiler, Mr. Burlington, had a hope, we are told, of reading this essay before the French Academy. He adds to the work a preface, and Wagner's remarkable analytic essay on Beethoven, whom he claims as master. Mr. Althorp, musical critic of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is translating Berlioz's autobiography and his "Grotesques de la Musique" for similar issue.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DIAMOND NECKLACE AND EAR-RINGS PRESENTED BY THE KULÉDIVE OF EGYPT AS A WEDDING GIFT TO MRS. LIEUTENANT FITCH, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL SHERMAN.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NINTH ANNUAL BALL OF THE SOCIÉTÉ CULINAIRE PHILANTHROPIQUE—THE FANCY PIECES ON THE SUPPER-TABLE.—SEE PAGE 395



THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN HENRY WARD BEECHER AND FRANK D. MOULTON, IN THE PARLOR OF THE LATTER—DISCUSSING THE LETTER OF "CONTRITION," AS SWORN TO BY MR. MOULTON DURING HIS EXAMINATION.

THE KHÉDIVE'S GIFTS TO MRS. LIEUTENANT FITCH.

THE wedding gifts of the Khédive of Egypt to Mrs. Fitch, the daughter of General Sherman, arrived in New York on January 26th. The present consists of a magnificent diamond necklace and

pair of ear-drops, said to be the most valuable in this country. They were sent by the Khédive as a token of his appreciation of the advice concerning the reorganization and discipline of officers for his army, given by General Sherman during his visit to Cairo, in 1873, and were forwarded through Oppenheimer Brothers, the Paris bankers, who consigned the treasures to Drexel, Morgan & Co., of New York.

Experts value them at from \$250,000 to \$300,000. Our cut shows the jewels reduced to a third less than their real size, to represent which would require more than a page. The necklace is composed of four strands of diamonds, each of which is a brilliant, not one of them worth less than \$1,000. The chain is studded with gems, set so closely together as to hide the gold. The strands are joined

by eight immense stones, each of which is encircled by smaller gems. Pendent from the front is a festoon of brilliants, with seven large pear-shaped stones of finest lustre hanging from it. The ear-drops are single stones of the same shape and size as the large pendent gems. The jewel-case is plain morocco, without inscription.

The question as to how to get this valuable gift



THE MEETING OF MESSRS. MOULTON, BEECHER AND TILTON IN MR. MOULTON'S BEDROOM—MR. TILTON SALUTING MR. BEECHER AT MR. MOULTON'S REQUEST, AS SWORN TO BY MR. TILTON IN HIS TESTIMONY.—SEE PAGE 395

through the Custom House free of duty has attracted considerable attention. Lieutenant Fitch being an officer in the Government service, it was necessary for Congress to pass an Act allowing him to receive the diamonds, which it promptly did; but the impost on them, which will amount to about \$75,000, is not waived by the Act. The Turkish Minister cannot ask for a permit for them, as they are not for himself or his family, and are not even consigned to his care, being sent direct to Mrs. Fitch through the banking-house of Drexel, Morgan & Co. Secretary Bristow is not disposed to issue a free permit merely because the gems are from a foreign ruler to the daughter of the General of the Army.

It has been suggested that the only way to escape the payment of duty is to take out a warehouse entry for the diamonds, and export them back to Europe. Mrs. Fitch can follow them there and wear them at some grand levee, and then bring them here as personal property in use.

But few would be able or willing to pay the immense duty on a present that, though beautiful and valuable, is of but little utility, and will entail upon its owner expense for safe-keeping.

THE WATCHER OF THE BEACON.

ONE is his life who, on a sea-tower blind,
Watcheth all weathers o'er the beacon light.
Ah! woe to him if, mad with his own mind,
He groweth sick for scenes more sweet and bright;
For round him, in the dreadful Winter's night,
The snow drifts, and the waves beat, and the wind
Shrieks desolately, while with feeble sight
He readeth some old Scripture left behind.
By those who sat before him in that place,
And in their season perished, one and all—
Wild raves the wind: the Faces on the wall
Seem phantoms: features dark and dim to trace.
He starteth up—he tottereth—he would fall,
When, lo! the gleam of one Divine Face!

THE Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

THE elderly, crotchety invalid who had owned Grayfriars had seen, loved and wooed, but not won, Lady Cecilia in her early girlhood; cherishing a fond and faithful remembrance of her for nearly twenty years, through the years of her first marriage, and the misery of her second marriage. When she was left desolate by all on earth, she accepted an asylum in a house of his, residing abroad at the time, and never seeing her but once before his death, when he endowed her with all his worldly goods that his love would vain have endowed her with twenty years before.

Thinking of all these things—thinking of her love and faithfulness so cruelly betrayed—betrayed, it was said, not only by the man to whom she had given her life, but by a woman she loved as a sister, a familiar friend in whom she trusted—thinking of my love and faithfulness so soon to be rewarded, of my true, true love, of whose constancy I felt as sure as my own, of my dawning happiness, my home, my world of love and trial and hopes for coming years, and the woman whose love and trust and hopes lay in the past, murdered by treacherous hands—thinking of these things, I forgot everything else, in my deep compassion for Lady Cecilia Murray, and talked to her as I should have talked to any other sorrowful, desolate woman whom I desired to cheer and interest. Not that our conversation, if such it could be called, reached beyond mere formal polite queries on her side, and rather discursive and lengthy replies on mine.

"I understand from Mr. Glynn that you contemplate a change in your life—you are to be married shortly, he informed me," she said, and as she spoke a dark flush of color seemed to surge through her discolored complexion, and her sunken, haggard eyes flamed scornfully for an instant.

"Yes, I hope so," I returned, and as she remained silent but intently gazing at me, I went on, speaking as quietly and as modestly as I could, striving to keep a word or look of exultant happiness from offending my sorrow-stricken listener: "It was with that prospect I came to live here, Lady Cecilia," I said; "I hope to find my future home for life in Grayfriars Lodge, if it please heaven that all things go well with me and no obstacle intervenes—I like the house so well."

"And supposing all things do not go well with you—that being a not very unusual event in the world—what then?" she demanded, harshly, the flame in her eye kindling afresh.

"Then my future will be as heaven pleases still," I replied.

Her fierce eyes stared, I might almost say glared, at me, and a bitter sneer curved her dilating nostrils and thin, flint-cut lips.

"In that case I hope that remembrance may afford you ample consolation," she said, rising to take her leave.

"I trust it may," returned I, trembling a little before the scorn and mockery expressed in the unhappy woman's words and looks for my trusting folly as she deemed it. "I trust in heaven to bring my promised husband safely back to me and to spare us a few years to share joys and sorrows together—that is my dearest and only earthly hope."

"I trust it may be realized," said Lady Cecilia, in a low, sombre tone, turning away, and, as she did so, her glance fell on the blue couch, and its white-robed, golden-haired occupant.

The fan had been completely dropped by this time, and, with a face clouded with mingled anxiety and vexation, Blanche sat partly upright, supporting herself on one elbow. Seeing the visitor looking towards her, Blanche rose gracefully to her feet with a slight inclination of her head and a sweet smile.

"Miss Blanche Dyas—Lady Cecilia—" I began, and then stopped instantly, aghast at the look of terror in Blanche's face, and the suddenly breathless, rigid attitude of Lady Cecilia, staring at my guest as if her bloodshot eyes were staring from their sockets.

"Who is that? Who is that? Who is that?" she demanded, hissing out the words as if rage and astonishment had choked her utterance, and clinging back her drapery and laces, so that her fierce haggard face and gray-streaked hair were all bare and uncovered. "What is she doing here? What is that fiend, with her painted face and painted eyes and painted hair, doing in an honest woman's house? What is she doing here, I say? You are going to be married, are you? And keep her in the house afterwards, are you?" she said, turning to me with a laugh that made my blood run cold. "What are you doing here, I say?" she shrieked, in frenzy, "you—you—fiend—arch-fiend! You yellow-

haired demon! I thought you had gone back to your fellow-demons long ago! What are you doing walking the earth again?"

She sprang at Blanche like a tigress, and Blanche, uttering screams that must have been heard almost in St. Omar's, fled around the room and got behind me.

"She's mad! She's mad—raving mad!" she cried, hysterically. "Miss Wymond, how dare you let mad people into your house to terrify me to death in this manner? She's mad! Oh, take her away!"

As she spoke, Lady Cecilia's unrestrained fury of face and attitude was quenched for a moment in a dull, sullen despair.

"Ay—mad! I am mad, sure enough," she muttered, hoarsely, as she dropped heavily into a chair, and rested her head on her clasped hands.

"What is the meaning of this?" I demanded, looking from one to the other. "Lady Murray, what do you know of Miss Dyas, that you speak so?"

"Never—never!" gasped Blanche, clutching my skirts, and keeping behind me still.

"I am not going to tear you limb from limb; you need not be afraid," said Lady Cecilia, the burning gaze of her glittering vengeful eyes directed to the young lady's terror-stricken face. "It was your likeness deceived me—you could not be she."

A fresh accession of rage seemed to shake her from head to foot, as she stood upright again, one trembling hand outstretched, and pointing scornfully at Blanche's glistening fair hair and snowy muslin robes.

"Paint and powder and dye as much as you might, still that is twenty years ago, and you—you are not thirty years of age yet."

"Hardly," said Blanche, her indignation overcoming her fear; "nor do I understand, madame, by what right you—"

"You are not far from it," Lady Cecilia went on, staring scornfully still. "Ah, you are your mother's daughter, with your white dress and your yellow hair and your rosebud cheeks! Why don't you wear rosebuds? She always did—rosebuds, purer, sweeter, more innocent than the full-blown rose—fit emblem of the wearer's chaste, sweet soul."

Her pallid face was drawn and distorted with her passion of rage and hatred, and, trembling for the consequences that yet might ensue, I ventured to interpose again.

"Lady Murray, I entreat you to say no more," I said. "True or false, these assertions are out of place now. I know nothing whatever of any affairs mutually understood by you and Miss Dyas."

"I understand nothing about Miss Dyas," Lady Cecilia interrupted, fiercely; "but I understand something about—about—the word seemed to choke her utterance—"about Julia Egerton's daughter—that woman there, with her mother's false, painted face, and her false, affected graces, and her false, treacherous, rotten heart!"

"I know nothing whatever about you—I never saw you, never heard of you before," said Blanche, pale and stammering, her color changing with fear and anger; "and I cannot say, madame, that I desire ever to hear of you or see you again."

She shrank back with another suppressed scream as she concluded, for Lady Cecilia, stepping forward swiftly, caught her savagely by the arm, and shook her.

"You never heard of me or saw me before—Julia Egerton's daughter—did you not? Never saw me twenty years ago, when you were at school in Paris, and your dear, graceful, elegant mother's dearest friend was Lady Dayrolles?" She uttered the last words below her breath, in a harsh whisper; but they were sufficient to make Blanche start violently, and struggle to free herself with a shocked, alarmed look.

"Miss Wymond—oh, Miss Wymond," she said, piteously, the tears rising to her eyes, "do take her away—she is hurting me!"

"You lie!" the furious woman said, unclenching her hold of the young lady's arm, and pushing her roughly away. "That is as true as your other assumptions and assertions, you lying adventuress—masquerading here under a false name, and with false pretences!"

"How dare you? How dare you?" Blanche sobbed, moving away, and returning to her old vantage-ground. "I don't know who you are. I never saw you before—never heard of you—never! It is you who are telling lies; or you are mad—one or the other! I am Miss Dyas, of Meadsham Hall—Miss Wymond knows me well. My name is Blanche Dyas; I don't know who you are, madame," Blanche said, growing furious as she saw our strange visitor grow quieter. "I know nothing but that you are a most insolent, wicked person. I never heard of Julia Egerton, nor any of the people you have been talking of. I was never at school in Paris. And when papa comes down to see me in a week or two, you shall—your shall hear from our solicitor, madame!"

She stamped her blue kid shoe, her face flaming with rage to the very roots of her hair, and curiously at variance with the crimson spots of color on either cheek—crimson mottled spots, that betrayed plainly enough, even to my humiliated eyes, that my guest's beautiful rose-blush color was removable at will, and that it had been removed against her will just now by her incantations tears.

"Have you any proof that what you say is correct, Lady Murray?" I asked, rather biased in spite of myself by Blanche's tears, and evident fear and distress, and the elder lady's harsh, repellent aspect.

"In justice to the young lady and myself, I must be convinced one way or the other without delay. I have known the young lady for twelve months as Miss Blanche Dyas of Meadsham Hall in Hampshire; her father is a wealthy man of high commercial standing in London, and her mother died during her childhood—so I have been told. I shall require undeniable corroboration of your statement before they can influence me in the least."

I spoke warmly, and almost cordially, in Blanche's defense; little as I liked her, the possibility of the proud, vengeful woman's overwhelming her—perhaps quite innocent—for the long-ago faults of another, as I could understand, aroused my sense of justice and pity.

"The 'undeniable corroboration' which you may require I shall not trouble myself to give you," said Lady Cecilia, with frigid haughtiness, drawing her mantilla around her in graceful folds and moving towards the door, where she stood a moment, confronting Blanche again with the deadly light in her glowing eyes. "That girl may be Miss Blanche Dyas, of Meadsham Hall, now, for aught I know. She was christened under a different name when she was born, twenty-seven years ago. Her father may be a person of 'high commercial standing,' for aught I know or care, and she herself the most amiable, charming young lady that ever told a black falsehood or a 'white lie.' My statements were not made with the least intention of influencing you, Miss Wymond, I beg to remind you," said her ladyship, scathingly. "Your affairs are no possible concern of mine; you may replace my assertions with any assertion which 'Miss Blanche Dyas, of Meadsham Hall,' chooses to make as quickly as you please. But"—she paused with the door-knob in her hand, her tall stately-poised figure in the open doorway, glancing back at me—"a day will come

when you will remember them. To your sorrow you will remember my word—this day."

She went out, shutting the door of the room behind her; but, although I listened, I heard no sound of her quitting the house—saw no vestige of her crossing the lawn before the windows.

"Margaret!" I said, seeking my handmaid in some surprise and perturbation.

"Yes'm!" Margaret was standing at the kitchen-door, her eyes wide open, her ruddy face the color of ashes.

"Where is Lady Cecilia? How did she leave the house? Did you let her out?"

"Ma'am, ma'am," stammered Margaret, husky, "she've vanished!"

"What!" I cried, looking at the girl angrily.

"Ma'am, folk say—they do, Miss Wymond—folk say," muttered Margaret, her face growing more bereft of every expression but blank dread—"they say Lady Cecilia isn't—oh, lor! oh, lor!" Margaret gasped, crying with terror, "every one knows 'that nobody 'ud live in this house, Miss Wymond, not if they had it for nothin'! An' I'm afraid to stay in it another night. I'm always afraid, and—"

"What are you talking about?" demanded I, sternly. "If my house doesn't please you, girl, you can leave it; but beware how you make mischief with your superstitious ignorance. Answer me this moment—where did Lady Cecilia go?"

"There," said Margaret in sulky desperation, pointing her finger towards a small dusky room which I used as a china-closet and housekeeper's room.

"There!" I ejaculated, quailing for an instant in my turn; but the next moment, summoning all my resolution, I bravely advanced, and turned the handle of the door.

CHAPTER X.

AS I opened the door household stores on all sides met my eyes, as they had done each day since, in my housewifely satisfaction and pleasure in their possession, I had stowed away those neat piles of snowy-white, cold, slippery household linen, those carefully-labeled jars of pickles and preserves, those neatly-covered ranks of glasses and dishes, the bin of bottles in the darkest corner, my house account-book open on the desk beneath the one small slit of a window—all was as I had last seen it, and there was not even the trace of an invading presence.

"Margaret, I wish you would not take to dreaming in the daytime," said I, shortly, addressing that young woman, who was peering behind the jam-pots and cups and saucers for Lady Cecilia Murray.

"Miss Wymond, if I didn't see her a-comin' to that there door and a-openin' o' that door and a-comin' in here, I see a—"

"Well, Margaret, you saw a ghost, of course," said I, laughing, vexed as I was; "for, unless Lady Cecilia has hidden herself in a jar like one of Ali Baba's thieves, she is not here."

I spoke lightly as I dismissed the servant to her work, and then I went up-stairs and locked myself into my own room, trembling.

"I wish I had never taken this house!" I muttered. "I feel as if there were always some danger or difficulty hanging over me. Six weeks more—only six weeks—such a short time—and then all my troubles will be over, please heaven. Surely I can manage for six weeks longer. Is this my clever management? Afraid of an angry woman—afraid of ghosts—afraid of my own shadow! You've been overworking yourself, Gwendoline," said I, nodding at myself in the glass, being as fond as ever of animated monologues in the presence of my reflected image. "These last three nights' sitting up sewing has done this. I shouldn't wonder if you began seeing ghosts too! Yet you shall have beef-tea to-night and go to bed early and get your nerves in proper order again, you silly creature! Only six weeks more, and then I shall be rid of Blanche Dyas. I shall cease to be afraid of that poor half-crazed woman, Lady Cecilia—I shall be no longer alone. Only six or seven weeks longer at the most—only six or seven weeks, George, dearest!"

As I spoke my eyes rested on my desk, and my thoughts turned on a certain ribbon-bound package lying therein. Need I say that my fingers soon found their way to it, or that the pink ribbon was untied, and that the two latest letters of the package were taken out and re-read for the twelfth or thirteenth time? The last especially—the tenderest, happiest, hopefulest of all. Need I add either that it made me happy and hopeful, too, and that Blanche Dyas, grocer's bills, Lady Cecilia, and possible diablerie, were all forgotten so totally that I was down-stairs again in the mysterious room which my gifted handmaid decided was the scene of Lady Cecilia's supernatural achievement, busily arranging a dish of bloomy purple-gray Orleans plums for dessert, before I recollected the unaccountable occurrence?

I quitted the said apartment immediately, with a furtive glance backwards over my shoulder, and, finding the drawing-room vacant, I sought Miss Dyas in her own apartments. To my surprise, as she heard my voice at the door inquiring of her maid how she was, she called to me earnestly to come in.

"You have been terrified to death, as well as I, I am sure, dear!" Blanche exclaimed, raising herself from the bed on which she was lying. "I know you have; your face is perfectly white—is it not, Fanchon?" appealing to the waiting-woman, whose English name of Frances or Fanny Miss Dyas declared she disliked too much to use. "You really look ill, dear," she continued, with most novel solicitous anxiety in her words and manner. "Fanchon, move the armchair to Miss Wymond, and bring my liqueur-cake. Will you take a little, to please—a tiny, tiny glass of Chartreuse, to please me? Do, dear! I consider myself indirectly the cause of your annoyance and distress," she went on, putting the liqueur-glass coaxingly into my hand, and taking my other hand in her small white one—"I do indeed. I have been telling it all to Fanchon, and, as she says, if I had not been so silly—"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," the waiting-woman interposed, with a deferential smile—a clever-looking woman, who spoke French admirably, was this same *dame de service*, but as much English in face and voice as I was.

"Well, I was silly, even if you did not say so, Fanchon," retorted her mistress, with a candid smile. "I was inquisitive—I was devoured with desire to see the mysterious *châtelaine* of whom I had heard such marvelous stories—scores of romantic histories—did we not, Fanchon? And so," she continued, caressing both my hands, "so, *ma chère*, being full of naughty, wicked curiosity, like a bad child in a story, I disregarded your wise advice—I trespassed on forbidden ground—I ventured too near the ogre's castle—I aroused the curiosity of the ogre—bah! *socière affreuse*," she muttered, her eyes glittering for a moment like a flash of steel; "and *hélas!* I have paid the penalty. I own

I deserve it—fully, fully, being wicked, naughty, disobedient; but you—you! Ah, I am *désolée* to have been the cause of such unpleasantness, such trouble to you, *chérie*—you who have been so good—so kind to me!"

Blanche had both her soft warm white hands caressingly clasped around my neck now, and her fair face, with its peach-bloom complexion perfectly restored—upturned to mine.

But stubborn, suspicious, cold-hearted Gwendoline Wymond held back yet a while from proffered affection and caresses alike.

"Then you had never seen Lady Cecilia before?" I said, watching her expression with inquisitorial keenness.

"No, dear; how could I?" asked Blanche, with a kind of reproachful astonishment in her blue eyes and curving lips. "I was never at school in Paris, as that poor dreadful mad creature said. Madame de Scorrier, my dear, dear French governess, educated me until I had masters, when papa sent me to friends in Berlin. Did you hear her about my mother, Julia—Julia—what did she call her?"

"Egerton," said I, shortly.

"Yes, yes," cried Blanche, clapping her hands in excitement—"Julia Egerton! Fanchon, did you ever hear anything so odd? Julia Egerton, my elegant, graceful mother, Fanchon? And my elegant, graceful mother's dearest friend was some lady—some person."

"Dayrolles," I again supplied, quietly. "Yes, Lady Dayrolles," assented Blanche. "Do you know this is most extraordinary, dear Miss Wymond, as I think—I am not quite sure, but almost—that I have heard papa speak of a Lady Dayrolles, whom he met in Paris thirty years ago—yes, I think he said thirty, for it was when he was quite a young man, years before he ever saw mamma. Could there be any coincidence, do you think?"

"Possibly," I replied, gravely as ever.

Lady Cecilia Murray's wild asseverations I might have disregarded, and willingly have let her assertions and accusations be forgotten, but for two facts, one the corroboration, possibly, of the story of her own ruined life, which I seemed to discover in those assertions; the other, that little discovery of the blurred rouge on the cheeks, which until today I thought were painted only with the fresh tints of beautiful, gay, happy youth. These seemed, to a blunt, straightforward nature like mine, not well versed in the arts of fashionable existence, to shake the whole superstructure of the personality of Blanche Dyas, the fair young heiress.

She might not be as fair in reality as she looked. My narrow-hearted feminine envy, which had never been thoroughly uprooted, buzzed reminders in my ears of Lady Cecilia's terrible hints about "painted hair" and "painted complexion." She might not be as young as she looked; she might not be as rich as she appeared, or was reported to be; she might not be Blanche Dyas of Meadsham at all.

"It is very strange," Blanche murmured, gazing keenly into my face in her turn. "I really must ask papa about it when I write next. And *à propos* of writing to him, how forgetful and thoughtless I am! And you—you would never remind me, I really believe!"

"Remind you of what?" asked I, smiling in spite of myself at the tragical tone and attitude she assumed, with upraised arms and shocked wide-open eyes.

"I owe you a heap of money—I am sure I cannot tell how much!" Blanche exclaimed, in a tone of distress. "And you do not ask for it when it is due; and I, being the silent and most stupid of girls about money, spend it all on odds and ends, and leave myself with only papa's checks! How much do I owe you, dear Miss Wymond? Do let us settle it at once. Fanchon, put my writing-desk on this table. Now, dear Miss Wymond, do let us square accounts, as business men say—I have often heard that at papa's stupid city dinner-parties—great fat, ugly, awkward men, millionaires some of them, but so stupid—could only say, 'Well, Miss Dyas—beautiful day, has it not been?' or, 'Do you drive in the park often, Miss Dyas?' *Quelle horreur!*"

She broke into a gay, hearty laugh, which seemed to have something infectious in it, as even Fanchon's decorum gave way, and I heard her laugh under her breath as she slipped quietly into the dressing-room; and with the pleasant prospect of settled accounts before me, I could do no less than laugh also.

"I have the exact account in my pocket-book, Miss Dyas," said I, producing it—"for two weeks' board and residence, eight guineas, and balance owing from third week, two guineas—total, ten guineas."

"How charming to be so beautifully accurate and business-like!" Blanche exclaimed aloud, in a tone of intense admiration.

It may have been my fancy, but I imagined that as she spoke I heard an odd sound from Fanchon in the next room—a sound between a burst of convulsive laughing and smothered coughing.

"Fanchon, shut the door," her mistress called, sharply. "Ten guineas," she said, with a satisfied nod—"I trust you owe it correctly; I never know in the least what I owe or do not owe. Now," with another tragic attitude as she unlocked her desk and pulled open its array of secret drawers, "what shall I do if I have not the money in gold or notes? Checks I have—four or five, I think—but not one of them for less than fifty pounds. What shall I do?"

"Pray do not trouble yourself in the least, Miss Dyas," I said, flushing, and shutting up my obtrusive account; "indeed, it does not matter for another week. But that the tradespeople do not know me well, and like to have their bills paid weekly, I should not dream of annoying you about it. When you get a check cashed it will be quite time enough; they will cash it at the bank in Fore Street for you, will they not?"

"No, dear," replied Blanche, turning over sovereign-purses, portemonnaies and check-book—"at least, not unless it is paid through somebody else's account, or something like that—so they told Fanchon, when I sent her two days ago, and when I called at the bank one day the cashier explained a whole heap of things to me. Poor young man, he was admiring my hat all the time," said Blanche, with one of her shrill laughs, "and kept telling me about cross checks and deposits until I was fairly bewildered; so I bowed, and he bowed, and I said 'Thank you,' and he said 'Perfectly welcome,' or some absurd phrase like that, and bowed again and blushed, but didn't cash my check. It was stupid of papa not to send me notes down to an out-of-the-world place like this," she said pouting. "Naughty man! I shall send all his silly checks back to him, and tell him to send me something people can make use of."

"Pray do not trouble yourself," I urged again, although the remembrance of thirteen pounds owing in various quarters, and the actual possession of one pound eighteen wherewith to pay, lay heavy at my heart.

"But I do trouble myself," persisted Blanche, "and I had ten guineas only three days ago! If you had but asked me then, I should have been able to pay you. But I forgot all about you, and paid

Fanchon five pounds owing to her because she reminded me, and paid two owing to a shop in the town for some things Fanchon got for me; and now what shall I do with only three or four pounds?"

"Wait until you get more," said I, smiling; "next week will do quite as well, and my bill will be all the larger for the delay. Forget all about it now, Miss Dyas, and get a good appetite for dinner. There are a sweetbread, *fricandeau* and peach-tart with scalded cream, which I am sure you will like."

"Delicious!" cried Blanche, with a naive pleasure, adding, a little sorrowfully, "I will try to eat, dear, to do justice to your charming *petit diner*, but I feel far from well this evening. My head aches so, and I feel so nervous, and am trembling from head to foot. You will not be vexed if I should not eat very much, will you? You know I had a dreadful shock from that terrible person"—her color rose, and her bosom heaved convulsively, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes. "I was not quite strong enough to go down-stairs," she faltered.

"No, you were not," said I, remorsefully. "Do not come down, dear Miss Dyas, unless you feel quite able to do so. I will send up your dinner to your dressing-room as usual. Lie down again and try to compose yourself, and you will be better able to enjoy your dinner here at your leisure, resting."

"You are so kind," she returned, softly, and then, as I was turning away, "Can't you stay a little and talk to me? Do dear."

"I must really take a peep at the *fricandeau*," said I, laughing; "it has been left to Margaret's mercy quite long enough."

"You will come again? I am lonely," she said, with a pathetic little face. "I have very few friends—only papa and two or three others, and dear, dear Mrs. Allan. When did you hear from her? When is she coming here? Ah, tell me!"

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH COOKS' BALL.

THE ninth annual ball of the Société Culinaire Philanthropique took place at Irving Hall, on Tuesday, February 2d. The balls given by this Society have won a great reputation, notably for the elegant supper given. The membership includes all the most celebrated caterers and cooks in New York; the supper-table is decorated with contributions from the *chefs* of the clubs, hotels and restaurants, and great rivalry exists to furnish the most attractive and unique designs. Our cut shows some of the prominent pieces contributed for this annual gathering. There was a representation of James Gordon Bennett viewing the supposed escape of the wild animals in Central Park, in which elephants, tigers, giraffes and other animals were seen roaming recklessly in a candy garden. Palaces, fountains, light-houses, temples, etc., were reproduced in attractive confectionery, and dainty eatables were served in strange forms. The finest *pieces montées* were made by Ch. Ranhofer, *chef* of Delmonico's. Felix Delacé, *chef* of the Manhattan Club and President of the Society; Eugene Wehl, *chef* of the Brevoort House, and *chef* Fourquet also furnished elegant designs. The display of dishes was more magnificent than at any previous ball of the Society, and so successful was the entertainment that a handsome sum was realized for the widow and orphan fund of the Society.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE,

SENATOR-ELECT FROM PENNSYLVANIA

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, the new Senator from Pennsylvania, was born in Huntingdon County, in that State, in 1827. In 1836 he removed to Clearfield County, where he has continued to reside. He began the study of law when he was but seventeen years of age, and was admitted to the Bar in 1847. He early entered into politics, and in 1862 was first elected to the State Senate. He has been re-elected five times, and is still a member of that body. In 1871 he served as Speaker of the Senate. Mr. Wallace has been actively connected with politics in Pennsylvania for many years, and was Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee from 1865 to 1869, and again in 1871. He was also Chairman of the Pennsylvania Delegation in the Baltimore Convention of 1872. He is a man of ability, an attractive and forcible speaker, an accomplished parliamentarian, a good lawyer, and well calculated to represent the interest of his State and act understandingly on national questions. He was elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Pennsylvania on January 20th, the vote standing: Wallace, 125; Allison, 116.

"GIROFLE-GIROFLA."

A SCENE FROM THE NEW OPERA.

LEOCOQ'S "Girofle-Girofla," which met with great success in Europe, was brought out for the first time in America on Thursday, Feb. 4th, at the Park Theatre, New York. The piece is of the best and liveliest specimens of opera-bouffe yet produced. The music is light and pleasant. The plot introduces many comic situations, and permits of the display of beautiful scenery and gorgeous costumes. A spirit of fun runs through the whole play, and occasionally bursts out into the merriest extravagance. The action of the play hinges on the difficulties of *Don Bolero d'Alcaraz*, a grandee of Spain, father of twin-children, *Girofle* and *Girofla*, who are so remarkably alike that, in order to distinguish them, it is necessary for them to dress in different colors. *Bolero* is heavily in debt to a banker, *Marasquin*, and is threatened with an invasion of his territory by a fierce neighbor, *Mourzouk*, a Moor. In order to relieve himself from these difficulties *Bolero* promises his daughters in marriage, *Girofle* to *Marasquin* and *Girofla* to *Mourzouk*. On the wedding morning *Girofla* is abducted by pirates. *Bolero*, fearing to tell *Mourzouk* the truth, and hoping to regain his lost daughter through the exertions of a naval hero, who promises to follow the pirates and return with *Girofla* by evening, conceals the abduction from the Moor. The impatient lover insists on the fulfillment of the contract, and in this difficulty it is arranged that *Girofle* shall personate her sister for a short time. The complications that this plan leads to, until all are made happy by the return of *Girofla*, give scope for many amusing scenes. The piece is produced in magnificent style, with every requisite of good acting, artistic music, elegant costumes and beautiful scenery. The three scenes, one to each act, were painted by Matt Morgan, Richard Marston and William Voegtlin, and are gems of art. We present in this Number the scene in the first act, painted by Mr. Morgan. It represents the Jardin and Palais of *Bolero*, and shows the abduction of *Girofla*. The opening night was a great success, and the opera promises to become as popular in this country as in Europe.

WON'T "AD INTERIM" BE GLAD when Andy comes marching home again?

THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

MR. TILTON'S appearance upon the witness stand in the Brooklyn City Court was the great feature of the scandal trial last week. Both in his direct and cross-examination he was clear and precise in his statements, while his happy choice of words was a subject of much favorable comment. His reference to the interview with Mr. Moulton at which the proposed letter of contrition was discussed, recalled the direct testimony of the latter gentleman. Mr. Beecher was received by Mr. Moulton in his parlor, and seated himself on the sofa. As the two gentlemen began the conversation relative to a letter in which Mr. Beecher should give expression to his sentiments of regret for past actions, Mr. Beecher hitched about on the sofa until he secured a position that seemed to give him ease. The attitude shown in the engraving was preserved during a greater part of the interview. In his testimony Mr. Tilton described an unintentional meeting with Mr. Beecher on or about the 3d of January, 1874, at the house of Mr. Moulton. It was at the time of the latter's sickness, and on being shown into the bedroom Mr. Tilton unexpectedly met Mr. Beecher. When asked what he could not remember exactly what he did. "I only remember that Mr. Moulton suddenly said to me that I ought not to refuse to salute Mr. Beecher in his house. I said to Mr. Moulton, 'How can you expect me to speak to a man who has ruined my wife, broken up my home, and who then gets my permission, in a sad and serious hour, to visit that woman, and uses that permission for the purpose of dictating to her and making her write down a lie?' Mr. Moulton said to me, 'This is my house, and Mr. Beecher is at present my guest, and you will oblige me,' said Mr. Moulton 'if you will speak to him, at least as much as to say, good-morning.' I did say, 'Mr. Beecher, good-morning.' Mr. Beecher meanwhile sat on the edge of Mr. Moulton's bed."

The cross-examination began on Thursday, and was continued through the week.

THE MARINERS' COMPASS AND NEW ADJUSTER.

THE manager of a number of iron steamships once remarked: "Compasses in iron steamships never are, and never will be, correct, and I do not want the compasses of my ships to be so. I forbid my captains to suppose it possible, as they would become careless." There are so many causes for compass errors, that it is a wonder more marine disasters do not occur. Even when correctly adjusted before leaving port, it is a common matter for a compass to increase in error until it varies from four to six points.

Captain H. O. Cook, for many years an officer of the British Navy, has devoted nearly twenty years to the investigation of this subject, and has at length succeeded in devising an apparatus by which a compass may be readjusted at any time and place. Recent experiments have been made in presence of officers of the United States navy, the revenue department and the mercantile marine, and the device met the fullest approbation.

The instrument has the appearance of a compass, but has neither magnetic needle nor swinging card, but is simply a mechanical and scientific instrument with a movable gnomon adjusted to each latitude. The degrees are cut on an outer circle, just as an azimuth would be; an inner circle is marked with the variations and declinations. A movable disk is set by a table calculated for the hours and minutes, and when the sun passing over the gnomon cuts the edge of the movable disk the shadow gives the true north, and the compass can unerringly be adjusted therefrom. Another arrangement which proves the accuracy of this is likewise attached, and at night the stars can be also observed and the adjustment made from one of them with equal facility. The ease by which it is operated and the substantial simplicity of its construction are its chief merits, while its perfect accuracy in results must convince the most skeptical of its utility.

BOOK NOTICE.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK ON OCCASION OF MR. GLADSTONE'S RECENT EXPOSTULATION. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory: New York Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

Controversy is not our field, and we cannot undertake to decide one, especially one that after three centuries of argument is as far from settlement as ever. We can in this case only weigh the skill of the advocates. As a matter of policy we do not understand Mr. Gladstone's object in publishing a scholarly attack that was sure to bring into the field intellectual athletes like Newman, Manning and Capel. These gentlemen might well have undergone much to obtain such an audience in English-speaking countries as Gladstone has given them. The great English literary journals speak in the highest terms of the ability, skill and moderation of Dr. Newman's letter. His chapters on the Syllabus will throw a new light on a subject that to many was inexplicable; while his chapter on Conscience is clear, definite and grand. Of the Letter, the London *Spectator* says: "If one may judge in any degree of the vitality that is left to a man, by the grasp of his thought, the lucidity of his exposition, the imaginative ease of his illustrations, and the accuracy of his memory, there is no sign as yet of the end of Dr. Newman's career, although he speaks of this Letter as if it were very likely to be his last publication." The American publisher has shown promptness and energy in giving this Letter in a cheap form, for it will be widely read. It is somewhat curious that, owing to miscarriage of part of the advanced sheets, it was telegraphed for and sent over by cable.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A MONUMENT is about to be erected in Stockholm to Scheele, the illustrious Swedish chemist; and one in Brussels to the memory of M. Adolphe Quetelet, the late Secretary of the Belgian Academy.

IT SHOULD BE GENERALLY KNOWN that the instruction to masters of vessels desirous of studying the physical geography of the sea can be obtained gratuitously, by any one desirous of pursuing the subject, upon application to the Geological Society of Paris.

CAPTAINS OF SHIPS AND SHIP-OWNERS will be glad to know that green mustard is an effective anti-scorbutic, and can be raised on board ship without a particle of soil by thinly sprinkling the seed on a piece of wet flannel or on the surface of a layer of moist ashes.

THE ACCOUNT OF TRIALS OF VIGORITE, a newly discovered explosive, at Stockholm, states that a charge of about eight ounces, made up in five cartridges, and deposited in an excavation, raised a block of stone of 163 cubic feet. It would have taken over fourteen ounces of dynamite to have produced the same effect.

COMMANDER GILMORE, R.N., has invented an ingenious and simple method of preventing similar catastrophes to that which recently occurred on the Regent's Canal. By means of a galvanized iron magazine, fitted either into canal boats or wagons, he provides against any chance of explosion *in transitu*, the explosives being so entirely separated from the remainder of the cargo

that no inflammable gas or sparks can possibly find admission to them. In addition, the bottom of the magazine is so constructed that leakage from casks of dynamite, and similar compounds which precipitate dangerous acids, falls into a water-tank and becomes harmless.

PROFESSOR LEFFERT, of Breslau, says that carbolic acid is the best and most potent disinfectant for the prophylactic treatment of cholera. Water which contains two per cent. of carbolic acid will destroy great quantities of protomycetic masses, and, sprinkled over the floor of a room, it will destroy the masses floating in the air.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Munich Academy of Science, it was stated that the desert of Lybia would prove a valuable health resort. During the months of January, February and March, Professor Zittel made a series of experiments by which he found that the air of this locality contains more ozone than that of the oases of the Nile valley.

A CURIOUS ANATOMICAL DISCOVERY is said to have been made in Japan by Dr. Hilgendorf, of the German Society at Jeddah, for the study of the natural history and ethnology of Eastern Asia. He says that the cheek-bone of the Japanese is double in many cases, instead of being a single structure; the additional bone is united to the other by a suture, and is said to be peculiar to the Japanese race.

A NOVEL DIGGING MACHINE, which is worked by steam, has been invented by a Mr. Wright, which is intended to take the same place in digging that the steam plow has done in plowing. The digging is performed by forks, which are attached by a connecting-rod to the cranks at the hinder end of the machine. The carriage is placed on four wheels, and the machinery is driven by an endless rope passing over a grooved fly-wheel.

ATTENTION HAS BEEN DRAWN IN France by the news of the burning of the *Cospatrik* to the proper means for extinguishing fire on board ships. M. de Parville advocates in the *Debat* the obligatory use of signal-thermometers in the hold; each elevation of temperature being notified by the ringing of an electric bell. Others advocate the use of extinguishers. These are large bottles full of compressed carbonic acid, which may be of immense use in limited spaces, perhaps more valuable than water.

PROFESSOR BENKE of Marburg has some observations, in the *Deutsche Archiv für Klinische Medizin*, on the comparative influence of sea and mountain air on the system. He has ascertained that bodies part with their heat more rapidly on the seacoast than on mountain heights. His conclusions from his investigations are that irritable, nervous, excitable people will find themselves better in mountain air; but that persons with good digestion, who have been overworked, will be benefited most by a sojourn at the sea-side.

A PAPER RECENTLY COMMUNICATED by Mr. Watson Smith to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester gives some interesting particulars respecting the negroes of the neighborhood of the Congo, obtained from letters sent home from the West Coast of Africa by Mr. R. C. Phillips. These extracts afford information on the trade of the coast, on the character of the natives, and on their language, which belongs to the Bantu group. It is notable that the children are placed under care, not of their father and mother, but of the mother's eldest brother.

AT THE MEETING of the Royal Astronomical Society, held on the 8th of January, a letter was read from the King of Siam (Honorary Member of the Society), offering his hospitality and assistance, and undertaking to defray the expenses from the coast of any Fellows who should be desirous of observing the total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of April next. The line of centrality passes somewhat to the south of the Cape of Good Hope, and crosses land only in the dominions of his Siamese Majesty and their immediate neighborhood, where the duration of totality will be upwards of four minutes. Mr. De La Rue stated that a similar letter had been sent to the Royal Society, who had been already considering the matter, and action will, in all probability, be taken upon it.

THE GERMANS have finally decided to send out a second expedition to the east coast of Greenland. It is to consist of two steam-vessels, of 300 tons burden, each manned by thirty men; one to explore Greenland, while the other advances to the North Pole. The estimated cost is about £50,000 sterling, and the expedition is to leave in June, 1875 or June, 1876, according as the money can be got together. There is no hint that the German Government is to lend assistance, though we hope it will do something, after such a good example has been set by the English Government. It would be a splendid and healthy outlet for national rivalry to have these two expeditions start this year, each doing its best to win the Arctic campaign, and striving to be the first to unfurl its particular national flag over the long-sought-for goal. At all events, during the next two or three years we ought to hear of some fine conquests having been made in the far north. The preparations for the English expedition are steadily progressing.

FUN.

YOUNG folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

"Is THAT cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the candid reply, "there's millions in it."

A CONNECTICUT justice claims that the exclamation "Hello!" is swearing, and he fined a man for using it. This is a hullo way of interpreting exclamations.

ALBERT SMITH'S literary signature, "A. S.," was once shown to Douglas Jerrold, at which the wit remarked: "Ah, that's a fellow who never tells more than two-thirds of the truth."

"So you take lessons in drawing, Sallie?" "Yes; and the teacher says I'm an apt pupil, as I draw more inferences, insinuations, admirers and allowances than any other girl in the academy."

A COUNTRY girl coming from a morning walk was told that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew, to which she innocently replied: "You've got my name right, Daisy; but his isn't Dew."

"Is THE shoe too small?" tenderly asked a fond swain of his sweetheart, who was moaning about cramped toes. "Oh, no! The shoe is just right, but my foot is too darned big, that's all."

A GUEST at a hotel found a lady's nightgown in his room and went to the clerk with it, saying, "Look a here, mister, this is a hollow mockery, a delusion and a snare. If you can't fill it up, I don't want the darned thing in my room."

"THAT was a severe coughing fit," remarked a sexton to an undertaker, when they were taking a glass together. "Oh, 'tis nothing, save a little ail which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ah! that's just like you," said the sexton; "you always lay the coffin on the bier!"

A STOCKBROKER, returning to his office the other day after a substantial luncheon with a client, said complacently to his head clerk: "Mr. Putkin, the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of champagne in him." "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, significantly, "and he looks different to the world."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE late Benjamin Abbott of Boston, left \$103,000 to Marblehead, Mass., his native town.

MR. SPURGEON, the eloquent minister, is suffering from a severe illness, and will be obliged to make a tour to the Continent.

THE Hon. Nathan Sargent, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, died in Washington last week, aged seventy-five years.

JUDGE CHRISTIANCY and ANGUS CAMERON, who succeed Senators Chandler of Michigan and Carpenter of Wisconsin, are both pronounced hard money men.

MISS BERDAN, daughter of General Berdan, inventor of the noted sharpshooting rifle, is soon to be married to the Second Secretary of the British Legation of Berlin.

MISS CLARA BARTON, the well-known soldiers' friend, who has been seriously ill at her residence, has recovered sufficiently to allow her to renew correspondence with friends.

M. ROCHER has been informed that the committee on the liquidation of Napoleon's civil list agrees to pay his heirs 4,000,000 francs, France retaining the museum and works of art.

MISS EVANS, the author of "Beulah," "St. Elmo," and other similar novels, has given up writing, and is living in the country, twelve miles from Mobile, Ala., where she devotes her time to farming and home pursuits.

DON CARLOS speaks fluently Spanish, French, Portuguese, Italian, German and English, and has followed the usual courses of philosophy and mathematics. He is an excellent horseman, and delights in all physical exercises.

NAPOLEON always carried with him an emerald of great value which belonged to the Crown jewels. He lost it at Waterloo. It was found by a Prussian soldier, and has since been numbered among the Prussian Crown jewels.

THE daughter of Baron Werther, German Ambassador at Constantinople, has embraced the Catholic faith. A solemn religious ceremony is shortly to be performed by order of the Vatican, in the missionary church in Turkey, in honor of her conversion.

THE Paris Gymnase has secured Sardou by a contract similar to the one maintained for many years by Alexandre Dumas. In addition to all his payments as author, he draws from the theatre a retainer of 6,000 francs and holds a private box as his property.

THE English Church Journal says it has some reason to believe that the Prime Minister is likely to be married this Spring to the widow of an English peer. In view of this coming event, the Manor House of Huguenden is about to be enlarged by the addition of a wing.

QUEEN VICTORIA, on recommendation of her Prime Minister, has granted a pension of \$250 a year to the widow of Giovanni Battista Falcieri, the servant of Byron, who is celebrated in the writings of his master, as well as in those of Moore, Rogers and Shelley, by the name of "Tita."

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has admitted in the private chapel at Addington two ladies (mother and daughter) who have been working at Maidstone for some time as deaconesses. The Bishop of Ely has likewise formally admitted a deaconess in his private chapel.

THE brightest of the American women in Paris is Mrs. Hooper of Philadelphia, the wife of Robert M. Hooper, the American vice-consul at Paris. She writes a brilliant leading editorial weekly for the *American Register*—brilliant enough to tempt the *Figaro* to translate it for its gay and witty pages.

NELSON SKYMOOR, the comedian, who died in New York last week, was the son of a former Collector of the Port and Sheriff of Baltimore. He had been a pursuer in the navy, an engineer, a manager, and a circus clown. He was a very scholarly man, and could repeat several of Shakespeare's plays from memory.

THERE are four living Queens of Spain, so called—Christine, widow of Ferdinand VII., who resides at Sainte-Andresse, near Havre; Isabella II., mother of Alfonso XII.; the Duchess of Aosta, wife of Prince Amedeo, of the House of Savoy; and the wife of Don Carlos, who styles himself Charles VII.

BARON NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD has given to the Jewish Hospital in Vienna the furniture of the room in which Anselm Rothschild, his father, died. He will also give eight thousand florins as a fund, from the interest of which the persons shall be supported who are placed in the apartment furnished with these relics.

THE Crown-Princess of Germany has presented as a Christmas gift to the widow of Professor Schwabe, late director of the Berlin Statistical Office, in recognition of his active assistance in the Crown-Princess's efforts for the amelioration of the social position of women, an annual addition of 200 thalers to her pension.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON, the English Explorer, now conducting an expedition in Africa, has sent a report to Lord Derby from Ujiji, in which he says that he has been all around the southern part of the Tanganyika, and believes that he has discovered its outlet in a river named the Lukuga, a little to the south of Speke's Island.

R. V. DR. DEKOVSKY, who has been prominent of late as a candidate for the Episcopate in the Protestant Episcopal Church, when he preaches, comes to the front, folds his hands on his breast after the manner of a Catholic priest, and then intones his sermon from beginning to end. His voice is said to be singularly fascinating, and he runs up his intonations with tones as clear as a flute.

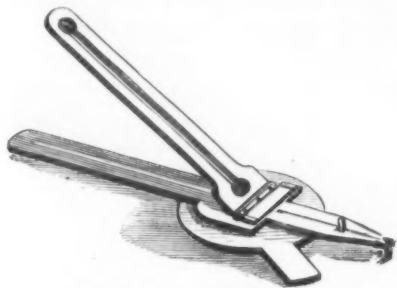
MRS. GENERAL GAINES, the "American claimant," is now about sixty-eight years of age, and as vivacious as ever. For more than forty years she has been engaged in litigation concerning real estate in New Orleans, and, as she says, "been giving the human race a lesson in perseverance." She has outlived nearly all her opponents, and the majority of the distinguished lawyers who have fought her claims.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* asserts that Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana, upon reading the report of Messrs. Foster, Phelps, and Potter, was so well pleased that he ordered his clergy to resume prayers for Congress. Says the Bishop: "Since the report was made public the prayer for Congress has been read in churches in which it has not been heard since the close of the war." When Congress most needed prayer the Bishop commanded his clergy to be silent; but the committee's report softened the old man's heart, and he opened communication with the throne of grace in behalf of Congress. Not the sinners but the righteous Bishop Wilmer seeks to save. This kind of Christianity is probably peculiar to Louisiana.

EVERY friend and admirer of the poet Whittier will be sorry to hear of the great feebleness of his health this Winter. Never strong, the inclemency of this season has told hardly upon him, and his immediate friends are extremely anxious about him. He is at present the guest of Ex-Governor Claflin, and under the care of Dr. Clarke, who is generally spoken of as "The Sex in Education Man." But while the younger men decline in their health, Emerson this Winter wears a hale and hearty front which promises good work yet. Emerson, it must be remembered, has a right to take seniority over Whittier by several years, for he is past seventy, while Whittier is just beyond sixty-five.



NEW YORK.—ON THE ROAD.—THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH—AN INCIDENT OF THE SLEIGHING SEASON IN CENTRAL PARK.



CAPTAIN COOK'S NEW COMPASS.—THE AZIMUTH INDICATOR.—SEE PAGE 395.

SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK.
THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

THE striking picture from the pencil of Matt Morgan, on page 396, shows a pleasant incident of the Winter season. Since the 20th of December last New Yorkers have found on the Boulevards excellent sleighing, and all classes have indulged in the unusual opportunity for the enjoyment of this favorite Winter sport. St. Nicholas, Sixth, Seventh and Central Avenues, as well as the broad drives of Central Park, have been crowded with celebrated trotters, and made musical with a continuous peal of clear-toned bells. In the throng of splendid equipages, drawn by the aristocracy of



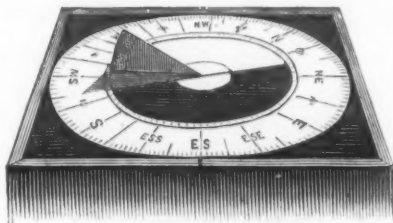
MR. STEPHEN FISKE, JOURNALIST AND THEATRICAL MANAGER.

the equine race, whose pedigree can be traced back to the heroes of the turf, could occasionally be found sleighs of primitive construction drawn by horses who do daily duty in the lowly calling of the

licensed peddler, the melodious milkman or the wandering junk-dealer. As qualities are frequently developed where least expected, so some of these humble quadrupeds occasionally dash into bursts of speed that astonish the owners of well-groomed and pure-blooded animals. Our picture illustrates such an incident. The satisfaction of the owner of the humble sleigh and his companions, in their moment of triumph, as they pass the gorgeous turnout of the millionaire, and the look of surprise and indignation of the well-fed liveried servants and disdain of the fashionable ladies, are admirably depicted.

STEPHEN FISKE.

MR. STEPHEN FISKE, whose portrait we publish this week, is a noted journalist, and a fair representative of American energy. He was born in 1840, at New Brunswick, N. J., and educated at Rutgers College. He early entered the journalistic field, editing the *New Brunswick Daily Times* when only sixteen years of age, and before he was twenty he was employed on the *New York Herald*. During



CAPTAIN COOK'S NEW COMPASS ADJUSTER. SEE PAGE 395.

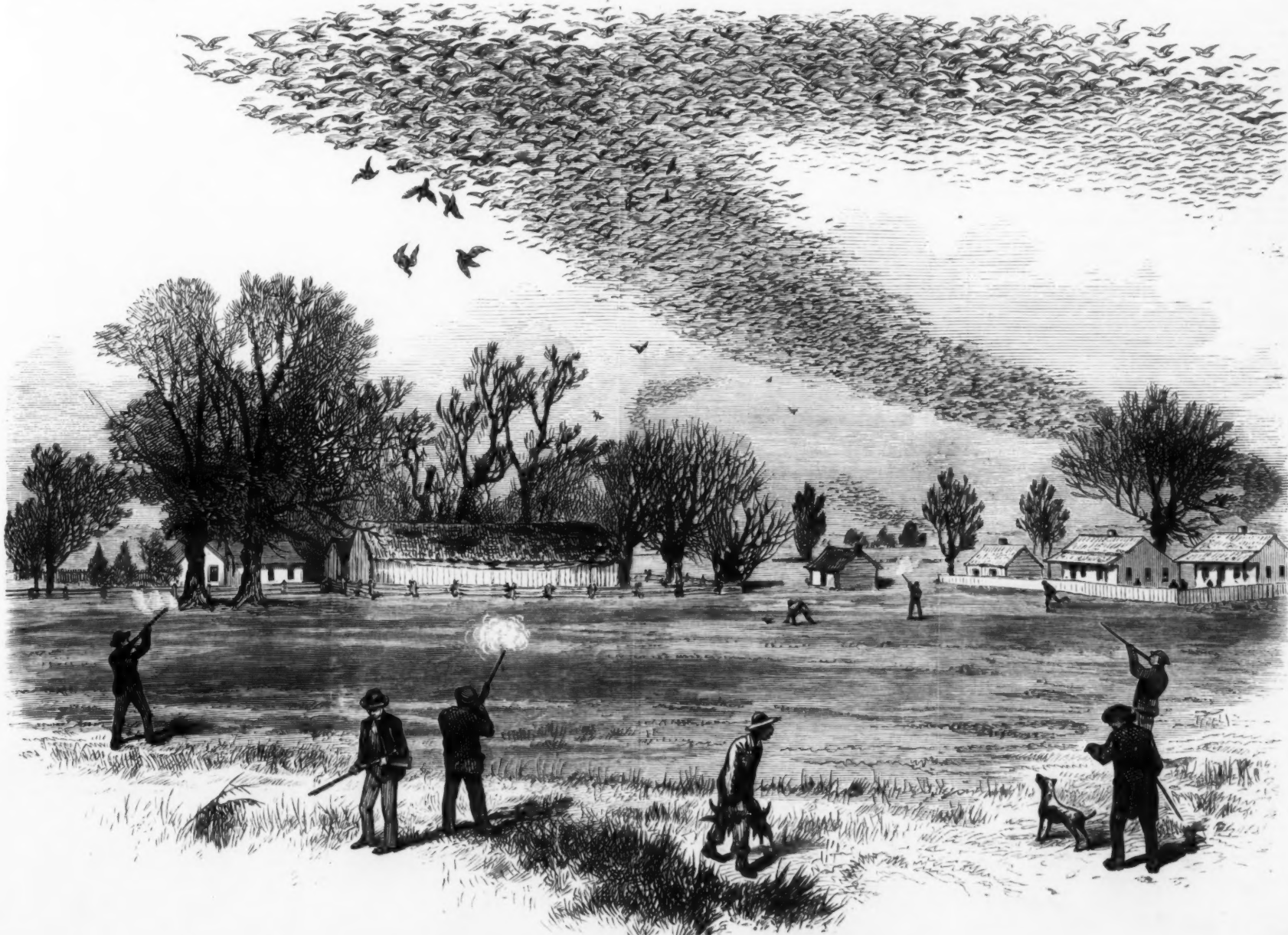
his connection with the *Herald* he won a deserved reputation as an able journalist. He first acted as reporter, then as an editorial writer and dramatic critic, but especially distinguished himself as a special correspondent. He was assigned to report some of the most important events. In 1866 he sailed in the yacht *Henrietta* for England, and his report of the ocean race, published in the *London Times*, and telegraphed in full to this country, attracted great attention. In Europe he acted as special correspondent of the *Herald*, and made some valuable contributions to *Tinsley's Magazine* and other publications. While in London he established the *Hornet*, which still holds the first rank as a satirical and theatrical newspaper, and managed for five successful seasons the St. James's Theatre. Visiting New York in December last, his old press confrère, Mr. Augustin Daly, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, induced him to become the business manager. His good luck has evidently not deserted him, for after months of misfortune, the Fifth Avenue has just scored a great success in "Women of the Day," produced under Mr. Fiske's management.

SHOOTING WILD PIGEONS IN NORTH LOUISIANA.

OUR sketch, taken on Mr. D. A. Beard's plantation, on the Ouachita River, one mile above Monroe, La., gives a correct representation of the immense flocks of wild pigeons to be found in that

neighborhood. At some of the pigeon-roosts in this vicinity the birds congregate in incredible numbers, the weight of the immense flocks frequently breaking and twisting the limbs of the forest trees as if a hurricane had passed through the woods. Sallying out from their resting-place, they move through the air in compact form, wheeling and twisting in graceful and undulating lines, which

resemble the coils of a gigantic serpent. They fly with inconceivable velocity, every one striving to be ahead, and produce a noise similar to that made by a gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the torrent rolls along, the gunners keep up a continued fire upon the flying birds, and but little skill is required to soon obtain a game-bag well filled.



WINTER SPORTS IN NORTHERN LOUISIANA.—SHOOTING WILD PIGEONS.—SKETCHED BY SMITH BENNETT.



HON. WILLIAM A. WALLACE, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LERUE LEMER, HARRISBURGH, PA.—SEE PAGE 395.

THROWN ON THE WORLD;

The Discarded Wife.

AGAIN the door of the dining-room opened, and Silvia Rymer, looking up, saw the flushed face of Hannah, the maid.

"It is after seven, and dinner was ordered for five. I cannot keep it any longer."

Mrs. Rymer smiled, though a shade of uneasiness came over her beautiful young face.

"Has not my husband returned yet, Hannah?" she said.

"No," was the blunt reply. "I always did think that when a gentleman once leaves a house, he never knows the time to come back."

Mrs. Rymer laughed.

"Try to keep everything nice one half hour longer. You can do it, Hannah, if you will try."

"I can try," said the girl, "but between trying and doing there is a wide difference."

She went back to the kitchen, and Silvia Rymer took up the book she had been reading; but it was in vain that she tried to fix her attention on it; there was a mist between her beautiful eyes and the page; the sense of the words she was reading did not reach her mind. She looked at her pretty, jeweled watch; it was twenty minutes past seven; and when he kissed her that afternoon, he had said he would be back by five.

"It is strange he does not come," she said.

Just then, from among the roses, came a young girl, holding a lovely, princely baby in her arms.

"Bring the baby to me," said Mrs. Rymer. She took the child in her arms, kissed the little velvet cheek, caressed the little golden head, talked to him in that sweet language only known to mothers and children.

"Where is papa, baby?" she said; and the child raised his large, dark eyes to hers. Her heart grew warm within her as she looked at him. Ah! please heaven, what a grand, noble man he would be in the years to come, but never so noble as his father, Alric Rymer. Earth did not hold his equal.

Then nurse and baby went away. Over the lake came the sound of the chimes—half-past seven. There was Hannah, looking very cross, with an appearance of great meekness.

"Would you be so kind as to tell me what I am to do with this dinner?" she said.

Mrs. Rymer went back into the room; the scent of the roses and lilies followed her. The room was the very picture of comfort, prettily furnished with flowers and books, the dinner-table bright with its choice linen and delicate silver. There was her husband's chair ready for him; everything that he could desire or wish, prepared with loving hands and loving thought. He had left home at three, telling her he was going to Brae on some business.

Brae was a small town only two miles away. She looked round, noting every detail; on a side-table she saw a cigar-case and a kid glove, with a faded flower he had worn that morning. She raised the glove, and kissed it with passionate kisses. "My love! my love!" she murmured; how was I worthy of you!

As she stood with that half-divine light on her face, she looked farer than any pictured dream. She was tall and slender, not more than eighteen, with a figure of perfect grace and symmetry; fine little hands, and fine little feet; a white neck, delicate and graceful; a face so pure and lovely in its fresh, girlish beauty—so sweet, so true, so eloquent—a face such as Raphael would have given to angels, framed in soft, shining hair, brown in the shade and golden in the sun; dark violet eyes bright as stars. She was exquisitely, but simply dressed. On her white neck shone a golden locket, worn with a golden chain, and on the fair, rounded arm was a bracelet of gold and precious stones. The sunlight fell over her; the perfume of flowers floated round her, but she was lost in a trance of happy love.

"My love! my love!" she murmured again, "who in this world is so happy as I?"

Hannah again, but this time she held in her hands a letter, and her face looked less anxious.

"A messenger has brought this from Brae," she said. "The master sent it."

With a smile still on her lips, and a beautiful blush that overspread her face, as her eyes fell on the beloved, familiar writing, she took the letter. She kissed her own name because he had written it.

"My love," she said again to herself, "how thoughtful he is for me."

Then she sat down in the chair near the window to read it—Heaven help her!

With the sun shining above her, and the fair flowers around her, she read her death-warrant.

She read the words that struck her from the list of honored living women, and blighted her whole life.

One moment she was smiling, her heart warm with the thought of him, the next that tender, loving heart was broken. Heaven help her, and all who suffer from the heartless cruelty of men!

These were the words on which the sun shone, words that stabbed and slew the truest, the kindest and most tender of God's creatures:

"MY DEAREST SILVIA: It is better and kinder to speak plainly to you, and tell you all. You will blame me, but my excuse is, I loved you so dearly, so madly, that I could not live without you. Always remember that, when you are disposed to judge me harshly. Always remember that I loved you first, dearest and best; that no other woman can ever take your place in my heart; but, Silvia, I have deceived you—I was obliged to deceive you—all is fair in love, and if I have won you by stratagem, I am not the first who has forgotten what the world calls honor in love."

"Better for you to know the truth. I could not live without you; but, Silvia, you are not my wife! Do not hate me. I could not marry you, because for some years past I have been betrothed to a lady in my own rank of life, and I am now compelled to leave you and keep my promise to her. I have misled you as to myself. You have believed me to be Alric Rymer, a man of moderate and mediocre position; it is not so. Prudence forbids me to reveal my real name and rank."

"Now, believe me, Silvia, I am grieved to write this; if it had been possible, I would have kept all knowledge of this from you. The form of marriage we went through I knew was useless—it was merely to satisfy your delicate conscience—it was a vain, idle ceremony. I repeat this because I hope, in course of time, to know that you have married some one worthy of you."

"I hope common sense will guide you, and that you will avoid all tragic nonsense. Hundreds of girls have been in a similar position, and have afterwards settled comfortably in life. Remember, if there be any blame it is mine, not yours. You have believed yourself my wife, I knew you were not. It is hard to part from you—we have been very happy—but I dare not remain in Scotland for another day. I know you will grieve, but you must make the best of it. You may be very comfortable. I have made ample provision for you and the boy. If you will write to Messrs. King & Gresham, Thames Inn, London, to whom I have committed your interests, they will

tell you the amount of your income, and what is set aside for the boy. It will be paid to you quarterly, on condition that you never seek to find me, my name, or anything about me. Your marrying will make no difference. Lake Cottage was taken for two years; you had better remain until the time expires."

"Now, good-by, my beautiful Silvia. My heart aches to write the word. You must try to forget me—try to make the best of it, and learn to be happy with some one else. The saddest hour of my life is this in which I leave you, but go I must. Though we shall never meet again, believe me I always."

"Your lover and admirer,"

"ALRIC RYMER."

From the thin folds of paper a bank-note fluttered to the ground, and lay unheeded, where it fell.

Heaven help her! There is no remedy either on earth or in heaven for such woe as hers. She read to the very end, and then sat still, staring dumb, like one turned to stone. She did not scream, faint, or weep; but the awful despair that came over her was terrible to see. The white lips were parted and open, but no sound came from them; the violet eyes had a wild, lost, bewildered expression; no trace, no outward expression of grief could have been so awful as this blank, silent, terrible despair.

The wind blew the falling leaves of the roses into the room, and then idly stirred the letter which lay at her feet; that aroused her as though some living thing had moved beside her. She rose from her seat.

"Alric!" she cried, with a terrible voice, then rose, like one blind and dizzy, and went into the garden. She thought he was there; her brain reeled beneath the shock—there was nothing save the flowers and trees, and she went back again, not knowing what she was about.

CHAPTER II.

"DID you call me, Mrs. Rymer?" asked Hannah, who heard something of that terrible cry. She turned her ghastly face and said, "No." Then the girl, looking down, saw the bank-note on the floor. She picked it up wonderingly.

"Money is plentiful," she said, placing it on the table. "Shall I bring your dinner, or will you have some tea?"

"I will ring when I want anything," was the reply.

The girl wondered why her mistress's voice was so changed. She turned to look at her, but the white face was hidden from sight. She went away again, leaving the lady alone with her despair. Again she looked at the letter and read it word for word.

"It must be a jest," she said to herself; "it cannot be true. I am his wife before God and man."

But those were not jesting words; they were terrible, strange; but, as she sat in horrified, bewildered silence, it dawned upon her, for the first time, that she might have been betrayed, duped, deceived and deserted. Such things had been done before, but not so by men like Alric. Alric, her handsome, gifted hero, so generous, so noble, so far above his fellow-men. It was not possible to believe it all at once—but supposing it should be true?

She sat quite still and motionless—there was not even a quiver on the white lips.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried, "let me die before I know the truth."

Half an hour had passed before she raised her white face again, and then there was upon it such hopeless, helless, settled despair, that no one could have recognized her.

She rose slowly, and stood erect; her limbs trembled, a mortal sickness was upon her, mortal cold that seemed to freeze the blood in her veins, and made her heart beat slowly.

"I am no wife," she said. "I gave him my heart, my love, my life, my honor, and in return he has deceived me. I am no wife."

She raised her face to the smiling Summer heavens. She raised her white hands as though she would pierce with her wrongs the blue skies and reach the great White Throne.

"God! of justice!" she said slowly; "God of light! I appeal to you again to him. I am innocent, for I believed that I was his wife!"

Did that wild prayer, that wild cry for justice, pierce the clouds and reach the merciful Father to whom no wrong cries in vain?

She had been silent, stunned, bewildered until now. The rose-leaves came floating past her, the sun shone brightly over her, and a burning sense of outraged pride, of wounded love and wounded honor, began to burn her very heart away.

"I gave him my love, and he has made an outcast of me. I gave him my life, and he has made me ashamed of it. I loved him, and he has left me."

The silence and stupor of despair had died away; the very frenzy of rage and sorrow was upon her. Her eyes flamed with anger, her face flushed hotly. She took up the bank-note that lay on the table, and laughed—a sound terrible to hear.

"This was to be the price of my love, my fair name, my soul!"

"I will starve—I will die; but I will take nothing from him!" she said.

She went up to her room and brought down all the jewels, the ornaments he had given her; she took the golden chain from her neck; she took the ring she wore on her finger, and trampled them into a thousand fragments.

"I did not sell my soul for these!" she cried, as she spurned the fragments. "I will have nothing that has ever belonged to him!"

Then the wild fury died away, and she stood lost, bewildered.

"I cannot live!" she said to herself, hoarsely—"I cannot live! I was not proud; but I hold my fair name and my honor dearer than my life. I have lost both, and I cannot live."

Once again she went into the room, and put on a bonnet and shawl; on the stairs she met the nurse and the boy. A low, bitter cry—one that must have pierced the high heavens—came from her lips. She did not look at the child; she turned her face away as he was carried by.

"Are you going out, madame?" inquired the nurse.

"Yes," replied the hoarse voice. "Do the best you can for him. I am going out."

She must die; the intolerable shame was not to be borne. Besides, in her fair, innocent life she had had but one love, and now that he was gone from her for ever how was she to live! She could not look in the baby's face she was never to see again, and she could not kiss the pure, little lips; she was going out to die! She stood in the sunlit garden, looking around her with her haggard eyes—eyes that burned, but from which no tears flowed.

This time, last evening, he had walked with her up and down the broad paths, his arm clasped round her, laughing as she told him pretty marvels of the baby, laughing at her inquiries, her earnest, tender words. Just there, close to that great sheaf of white lilies, he had stooped to kiss her, and said he was jealous because she loved the baby more.

Yes, at that very moment, he knew that he had deceived her; that she was not his wife; that in twenty-four hours he would have left her for ever.

A cry for vengeance, for justice—the cry of a broken heart—came from the white lips. Oh, for death! for death! She could not bear the shame of life; she could not bear the horrible pain that tortured her.

"How am I to die?" she said.

There lay the lake, shining clear and bright in the sun, bearing white water lilies on its calm breast; bright-winged birds skimmed over it; gentle wavelets washed the green banks. Should she seek her rest there?

"No, I could not die," she thought; "I have been with

him so often over that clear water. I should see his face in the depths, and I could not die. I must have a quick death in which I shall not be tortured by any memory of him."

Then she started, for she heard a sound of laughter—wild, unearthly laughter—it was herself.

"Am I going mad?" she thought. "Let me die! let me die! not live mad!"

She was laughing, for the idea had just occurred to her that it was a jest—a poor one, a sorry one, but still a jest—he had written that letter to try her, only to try her, and he would come presently from among the trees, laughing too, holding out his arms to her, and then—and then she should press to him with a long, low, shuddering sigh, and he would kiss her tears away.

"It could not be true," she said to herself, now that she stood out in the sunlight; "no man dared so wantonly and wickedly ruin an innocent girl; no man dare so outrage the laws of God and of man. She would go to Brae and know if it were indeed true."

She reached Brae; no one who had known her a few hours ago—fresh, fair, and radiant—could have recognized her now—haggard, with a ghastly face and despairing eyes. Some recollection must have come to her, for as she left the woods and saw the little town of Brae lying before her, she pulled the veil over her face, and tried to look more rational, more like herself. The bells were chiming from the old church-tower—chiming some sweet old melody to which she had often listened with Alric by her side. Where was she to go, now that she stood in the town from whence had come that cruel letter?

CHAPTER III.

THERE was but one hotel in the little town, "The Brae Arms," and there Alric had gone at times to play at billiards. She remembered that, and perhaps even now he might be there, laughing at the jest—such a cruel jest—so unlike him. Could it be a jest, after all?

One or two strangers who passed her by looked with wonder at her. Through the thick veil one could see the white face and the burning eyes.

"I must speak calmly," she thought, "or they will think that I am mad."

The landlord himself stood on the steps of the hotel. She clinched her hands so tightly while she spoke to him, that great red dents left their marks there for days afterwards.

"Is Mr. Rymer here?" she asked, and the man, who knew her, replied:

"No, madam; he left at four o'clock. He went to meet the train at Glenrock. I understood Mr. Rymer that he was going to Paris."

The landlord, who knew that the lady before him was called Mrs. Rymer, looked at her in wonder. She saw the look. No need to laugh and sneer at her yet—she would be dead soon. Before people knew that she had lost her honor and her fair name she would be lying dead—and no one speaks at death. She clinched her hands more tightly, and the physical pain brought her to her senses.

"Thank you," she replied; "I did not know that he had gone."

Then she walked away, with no trace of the deadly despair that had mastered her in her manner.

How was she to die? There was no mi-take now—no home left; it was no jest, but a grim, horrible truth—a shame she would not face, a disgrace she could not endure—but the difficulty remained, how was she to die?

There before her was a druggist's shop. Plenty of means of death there. She entered. There was only a boy behind the counter; the master was out. She went up to him.

"I want some laudanum," she said. "I am suffering intense pain, and I must have some at once."

The boy looked up with something like a smile.

"Is it tooth-ache?" he asked.

And she, whose lips had never been sullied with a false word, bowed.

"You had better take a bottle of this," he added, pointing to some patent medicine.

"Yes," she replied, impatiently. "I will take that as well, but I must have laudanum. Nothing but laudanum will weaken my pain."

"I do not know," said the boy; "if I can sell poison. There is some law or other about it."

"You can sell it," said the boy, steadily, "to trust-worthy people. I have to sign my name in a book. You know my name—I am Mrs. Rymer, of Lake Cottage."

Then, before she had finished the words, she remembered that she had no claim to that name—it was not hers. The boy did not understand the crimson flush that came over her face; he thought the pain had caused it. He placed the bottle of laudanum on the counter, and served her with a small quantity. She was longing for death—death that should free her from shame. She sent the boy to another part of the shop, and he, all unsuspecting, went. While he was gone she took the bottle and filled the little vial that she had in her hand, then she paid him and hastened away. The door of the other world was opened to her now. She held the key in her hands.

Slowly she walked down the quiet street. At the end stood the old church, from the tower of which came the pealing of bells, the sweet old chimes. It was no longer a question of how should she die—but where? Where should she take her last look at the fair, smiling earth? Before her lay the churchyard, there the dead slept in peace; there was rest in shame, from disgrace, from misery. She would go there, and, sitting on one of those green graves, would drink the laudanum and die.

"That is my death-knell," she said to herself, listening to the plaintive, sweet chimes.

She sat down under a grave that had been made under the shade of a hawthorn-tree, then looked round on earth and sky.

She was going to leave it all, because the selfish sin of one man had made her life intolerable to her. She was mad with shame and sorrow; no thought of right or wrong came to her. She never once remembered that her life was not her own to destroy when she could; she remembered only the shame of her position and the blight of her life.

Suddenly, as she sat there with the poison in her hand, she thought of the little child; in the madness of her anguish she had almost forgotten it—the child who, when she was dead, would be left alone and friendless in the wide world.

"Better that—better that," she moaned to herself, "than that it should know its mother's story."

Then she raised the vial to her lips, and across the bewildered mind and whirling brain came the thought that she had to meet her God. A few minutes more, and she could be face to face with the Great Father whom she had never willfully offended.

She fell on her knees, and a wild cry for pardon came from her lips.

"He has driven me to death, oh God," she said, "for I cannot hide the shame of my life. You are more merciful than men—take pity on me."

She closed her eyes and placed the bottle to her lips. Several drops of the bitter, thick, dark liquid had been swallowed, when a strong hand dashed it from her, and it fell broken into a hundred fragments, the deadly poison staining the sweet, green grass.

"What are you doing?" cried a clear, strong voice.

"How dare you fly in the face of the living God? You are seeking to kill yourself!"

She raised her haggard eyes, and saw before her a stately old man, whose hair was white with age, his face beautiful with goodness and benevolence.

"You were going to kill yourself, child," he said, looking at her in horror.

But she fell at his feet, crying wildly:

"Why have you saved me? Oh, why did you not let me die?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE rector stooped, and raised the unhappy girl in his arms; he looked in wonder at the white, haggard face, with its terrible impress of suffering; he wondered at her youth, her beauty, her sorrow.

"What can have driven her to death?" he thought.

She had not fainted—such misery as hers is rarely lost in unconsciousness. He placed her on the grave where she had been sitting, and again she moaned:

"Why have you not let me die?"

He looked down on her—not unkindly; he had seen too much of human suffering for that.

"If I saw you standing on the brink of a precipice," he said, "should I not draw you back? If I saw you

falling into a flame of fire, should I not try to save you from it?"

She looked up at him, and he shrank from the pain and anguish in those sad eyes.

"You do not know," she said—"you do not understand. I cannot live."

He took both her hands in his, they were cold as death—so cold that the touch startled him.

"My poor child," he said, quietly, "do you know that your life is not your own? You cannot prolong it for one moment, nor can you dare to destroy it. God gave it to you; God will take it back. You may not fling it in His face like an unwelcome gift."

"You do not know," she moaned.

"No; I do not know, perhaps, your particular sorrow; but I am an old man now; all my life long I have been teaching the law of God; I have seen suffering in every shape, in every form, and I know that nothing justifies suicide."

She shrank at the word.

"I have seen human desolation and misery that could not be exceeded," he continued; "the remedy is submission to God, not wilful destruction. Can you not trust me with the story of your sorrow?"

"No," she replied; "it is not to be told."

"Poor child!" he said, gently; "you are young to endure so much. But whatever your sorrow may be, do not make sad worse. This life will soon be ended; whether it has been happy or miserable will not matter to us at the hour of death. Do not make it worse by adding eternal ruin to it. You know—though men of science may rave, and would be wisdom may sneer—you know that for the crime of suicide there is no pardon. Would you like to be cut off for ever from the face of the Great God?"

"I had not thought of that," she replied. "I only thought that I could not bear the shame of my life."

She sat silent for some minutes, her watching intently her beautiful, ghastly face. Suddenly she looked up at him.

"Can you tell me why this has happened?" she said.

"I have been a good girl all my life—I do not remember that I have ever wilfully sinned. I have been proud of my fair name. I thought it the crowning glory of my life, the crown of my womanhood, the one pearl beyond price. I was never a coquette; I never spoke a light word; I never gave a free look; I was modest as the white daisies here growing over the dead. If any one, to tempt me, had offered me the whole world as the price of my honor and fair name, I should have despised it. Now can you tell me why this has happened? why my life is to be one long shame?"

She spoke with such passionate eagerness, he could hardly follow her.

"You forget," he said, gently, "that I do not know what has happened. Will you tell me?"

A crimson flush came over the despairing face; she flung herself upon the ground.

"I cannot, I cannot," she cried. "I cannot sully my lips with my own story."

Mr. Douglas looked at her, not knowing what to do. He would not leave her there. He bent over her.

"Have you a father or mother living?" he asked, and she answered him that her father had been dead many years, but that her mother still lived—far away, though, far away.

"Tell me where?" he asked patiently.

"Away in England—in Kent, among the hills and orchards."

"Will you not go to her or let me send for her?"

"No," she replied; "I shall never look upon my mother's face again. Oh, sir, if you would but leave me—leave me to die! I cannot, indeed, I cannot bear my life."

"Have you not looked up to the ministers of God as holding authority?" he asked gravely.

"Yes," she answered with a weary, woe-begone expression deepening on her face.

"Then, by virtue of that authority," he said, "I command you to tell me your story."

"I was seventeen," she said, "and cursed—listen to me—cursed with a beautiful face, when a stranger came to our town and married me. He was handsome and clever—ah, me! ah, me! there is no one like him. He asked me to marry him, and my mother said 'Yes.' I loved him; how can I tell you how I worshipped him? You would think it wild. He was the very light of my eyes, the pulse of my heart. I said I had done no wrong; I had forgotten. My mother wanted us to be married at the church in our town, but he was not willing; he told me he expected some money from a relation who would never leave it to him if he found that he was married. He asked me if I would consent to keep the marriage secret for some time, and I told him 'Yes.' He asked me if, instead of being married at my house, I would go to Scotland; there was danger for him, he said, in being married in England."

"I was innocent of all wrong, of all guile, of all harm as a little child; but I did the greatest wrong of my life when I consented. He pleaded so earnestly with me; he asked me not to tell my mother, lest she should be unwilling, for she would not understand as I did the need for secrecy. I must have been blind—but then I was so young. I left home with him, leaving a letter for my mother that explained all; and I, poor, blind, infatuated child, thought no harm and knew no wrong."

She paused for a few moments; the words came from her lips in such a burning torrent that he at times could hardly hear them.

"I came with him to Scotland, sir, and we were married—I believed really, honestly and truly married. If I had not believed that, sir, dearly as I loved him I would ten thousand times rather have died than have done as I did. I have lived for nearly two years in a whirl—a dream of happiness. I thought often and often that heaven could not be fairer, brighter or sweeter than earth; and when my baby came, my heart melted with gratitude to God."

"Sir, listen to me. I was brought up modestly—to love God, to value my soul, to value my fair name above all other gifts. I loved this man, who wooed me with the deepest passion; but I thought myself his true wife. Now tell me why I am so cruelly punished. There has come to me to-day

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Yours truly, J. L. LUMSDEN.

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R. T. DURRETT, President.

JOHN S. CAIX, Secretary

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